FAMOUS MONSTERS®

A WARREN MAGAZINE

#178

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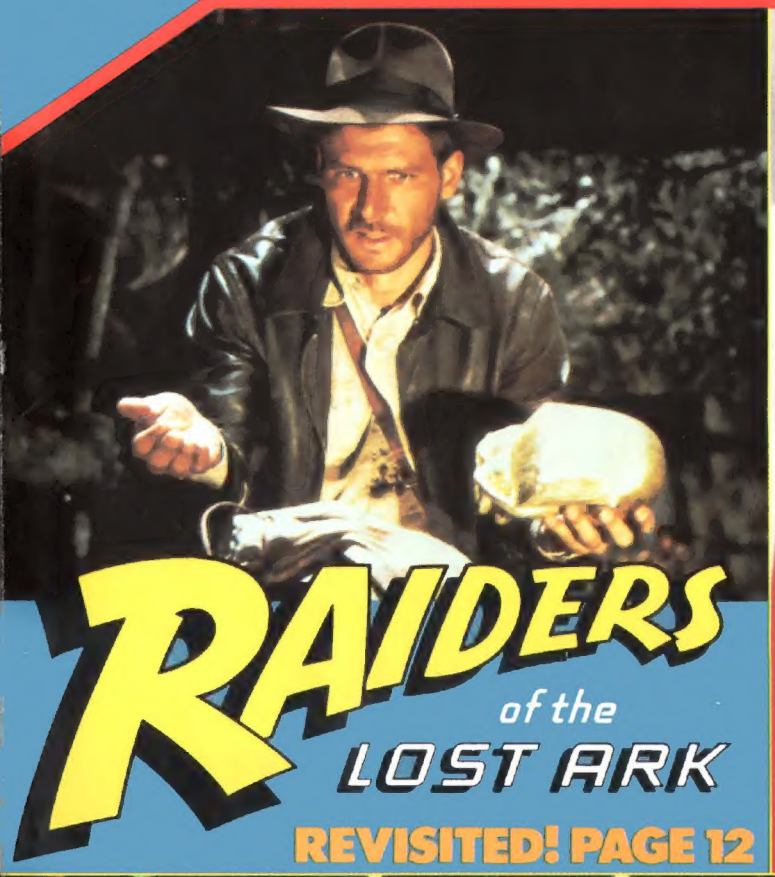
OCT. 1981

EXCLUSIVE: AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON!



RAIDERS of the LOST ARK

REVISITED! PAGE 12

SUPERMAN II

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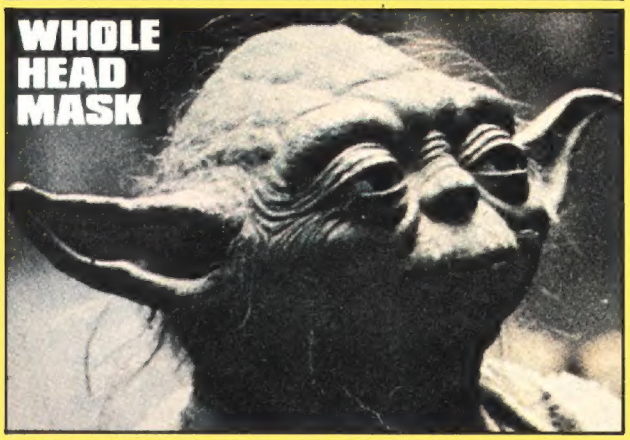
ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

A SPECIAL INTERVIEW WITH ZOD, THE VILLAIN LEADER FROM SUPERMAN II

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

YODA MASK



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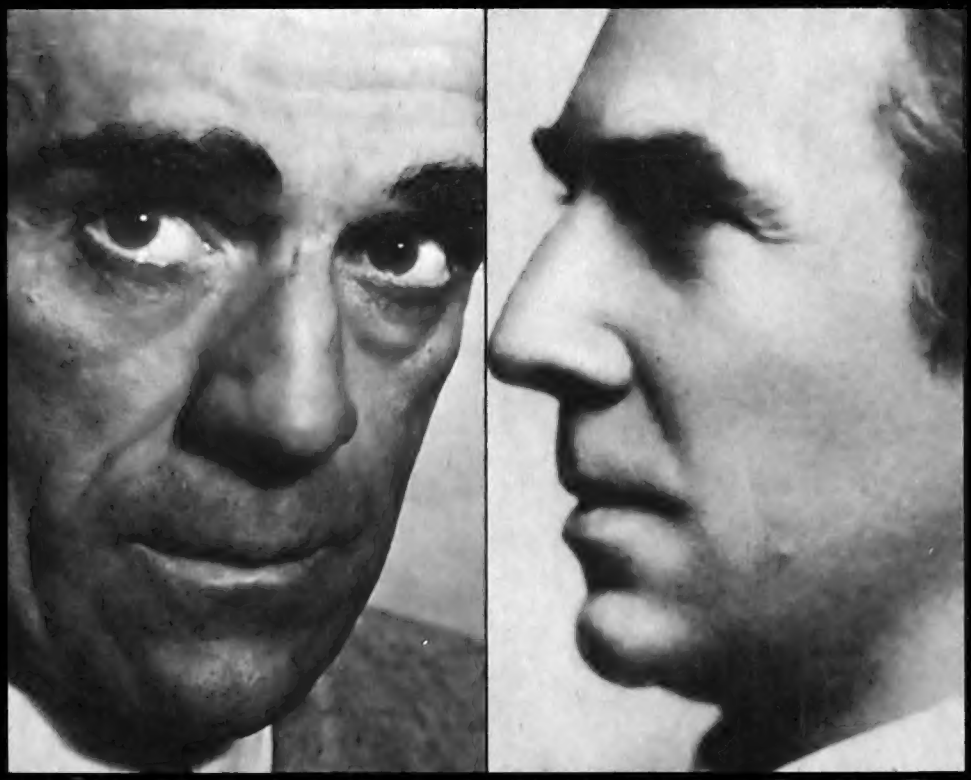
SPEAKING OF MONSTERS

KING KARLOFF & LEGENDARY LUGOSI



50 YEARS AGO they gave us a pair of Immortal Monsterpieces: DRACULA & FRANKENSTEIN (1931-1981). In this, FAMOUS MONSTERS' ANNUAL FEARBOOK, we return to print for you 2 of the greatest Features we have ever assembled in 23 years of our history. Together, under one cover: FRANKENSTEIN & DRACULA...the originals. We help you remember & salute the stars who made these films timeless: Boris Karloff...Bela Lugosi. And, just for good pleasure, we add 3 new features: (A) An article on RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK...(B) A Preview Peek at AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON...and (C) An Interview with that zap-happy villain of SUPERMAN 2, Zod!

Forrest J Ackerman

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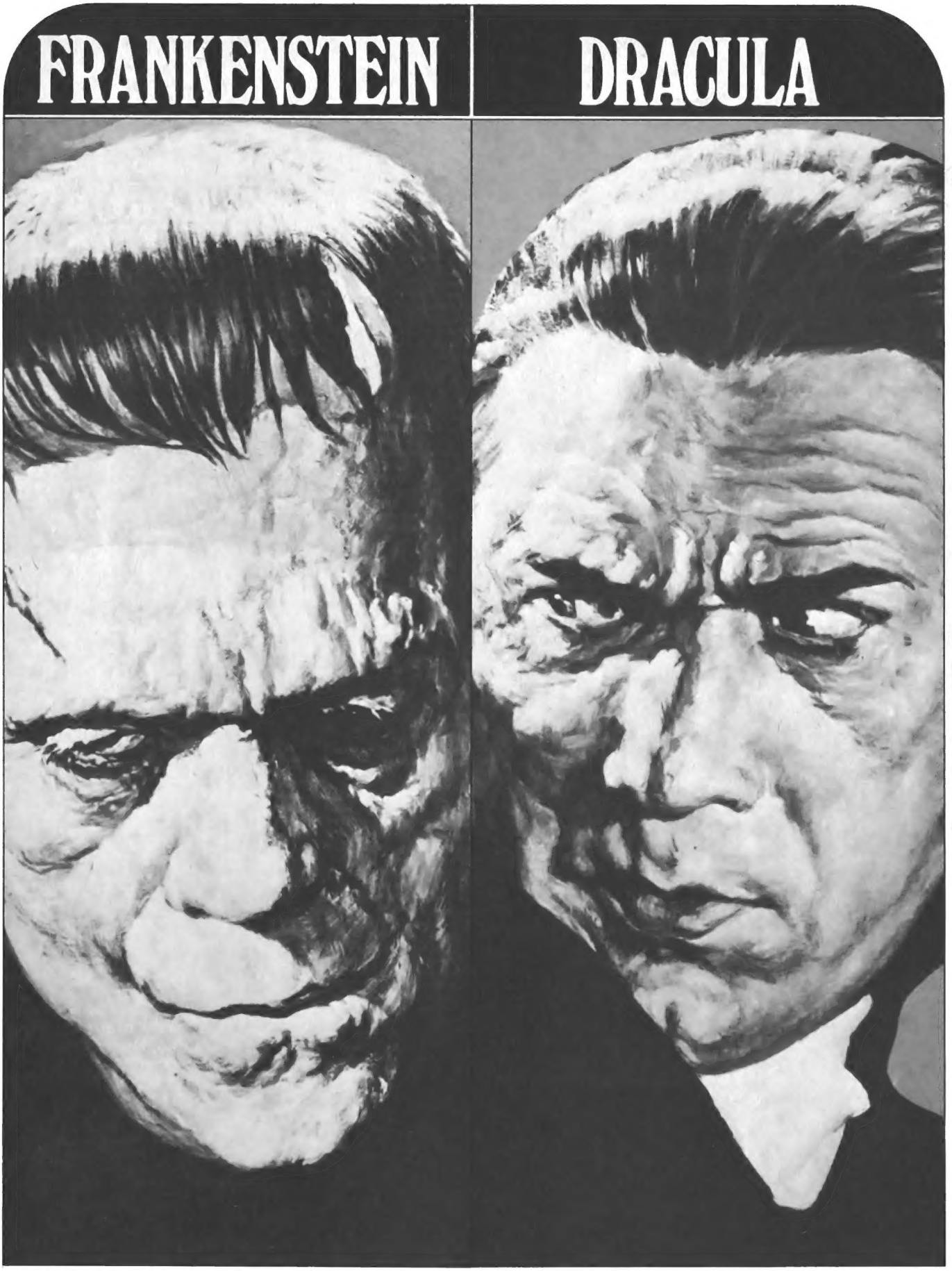
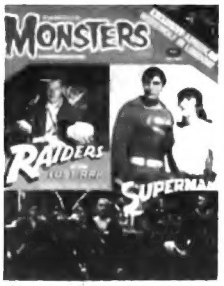


FRANKENSTEIN--Born in 1818 in the Brain of Mary Shelley, incarnated in 1931 in the Body of Boris Karloff, revived in 1981 in this FEARBOOK. DRACULA--Born in 1897 in the Brain of Bram Stoker, incarnated in 1931 in the Body of Bela Lugosi, revived in 1981 in this FEARBOOK.

OUR COVER:
3 FABULOUS, FANTASTIC & FRIGHT-FILLED FILMS ARE FEATURED. YOU'LL RECOGNIZE SUPERMAN & LOIS LANE, THE UNHOLY 3, OUTCASTS OF KRYPTON & "AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON". A REAL GROWL & HOWL COMBINATION BY ARK LIGHT!



A SPECIAL INTERVIEW WITH ZOD, THE VILLAIN LEADER FROM SUPERMAN II

FAMOUS MONSTERS®

Incorporating MONSTER WORLD

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10 STAMP OF ZOD Terence Stamp plays the villainous General Zod in SUPERMAN II, and has played Dracula on stage. When Terence talks, we listen, because he's one Stamp we can't lick!

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26 FRANKENSTEIN I The first installment of our greatest filmbook ever! Doctor Henry Frankenstein and his hunchbacked assistant Fritz search the graveyards for the perfect components!

40 FRANKENSTEIN II The monster is alive! Born of lightning and madness, the creature begins his reign of terror...starting with Fritz, the assistant who tormented him just once too often!

50 FRANKENSTEIN III The shuddersome conclusion to this immortal classic! The death of a monster! The birth of a legend! Plus exclusive photos of the censored death of the flower child!

JAMES WARREN
Founder & Publisher

FORREST J ACKERMAN
Editor-in-Chief

W.R. MOHALLEY
Managing Editor

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Consulting Editor

BRIAN L. FORBES
Editorial Assistant

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AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON

it's absolutely outlandis!

Jack Goodman is looking real bad, man. He's gone from composed to decomposed in one uneasy lesson.

THE KENTUCKY FRIED Banana Monster escapes from the Animal House and meets the Blues Brothers. That's the kind of movie we've come to expect from the unpredictable John Landis, star of stage, screen & **FAMOUS MONSTERS.**

And that's the sort of film we're looking forward to in AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON.

Something special.
Different.
Offbeat.
Unike. (That's a unique way of spelling unique.)

furry & four-y

To begin with, Landis' lycanthrope is not the usual 2-legged type.

Not an upright Henry Hull.
Not a downright Larry Talbot.
Not a fearthright Oliver Reed.
But a sure-footed, 4-footed beast.
From Abaddon! (That's a Hell of a place.)

transfurrymation

"What Rob Bottin began in THE HOWLING," John Landis tells **FM**, "Rick Baker (Monster Maker) finishes in AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON."

Ride the wild nightmare! David, in a dreadful dream, sees macabre madness slitting throats & massacring his family before his horrified eyes.

David's friend Jack checks into the hospital for a facial.

Oh, deer! David's eating a young deer raw. Fortunately it's only a nightdeer (son of nightmare).

David & Jack get short shrift from the barmaid in the village pub. But maybe that's better than a long shrift or a long shroud.

What we're promised, in other weirds, is to see a transformation scene that makes the Jekyll-Hyde "dance" of Fredric March look like a waltz . . . the CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF look like a cure rather than a curse . . . the lycanthropicontortions of Lon Chaney Jr. look like he took a slow motion potion.

Yes, before our very bulging eyeballs we will see a trance-formation that would scare the ectoplasm out of a ghost!

The most in transmogrification!

"And that's no idle boast," adds Landis.

the supporting ghast

Jenny Agutter has time-traveled back from some centuries hence (having learned what made Logan run) to portray a pretty young nurse named Alex Price who attempts to calm the fractured composure of David Kessler (David Naughton), a young American college kid who has had an unnerving experience while on vacation in Northern England. David is suffering from a 3-week amnesia hiatus, a period in his life where he draws an absolute blank.

Maybe it's best his memory should remain blank for what happened to his good friend Jack shouldn't have happened to a dog.

Or a man.

Or a wolf.

Jack Goodman (Griffin Dunne) has had his body *torn* to shreds, as tho by fangs or claws of some implausible animal. Or some ferociously strong maniac.

The inevitable part of the doctor is played by John Woodvine, no stranger to horror films for he appeared with Oliver Reed in the horrifying possession picture, THE DEVILS.

Brian Glover, having been involved in the search for ABSOLUTION, now plays a mysterious "Chess Player." Does he get rooked? Does he get a Czech mate? Does he go to pieces? See the picture and find out.

Then there's the "Darts Player." David Schofield. Four years ago he first played "The Elephant Man" on the stage in London. (Incidentally, Mark Hamill has been playing the role of late—live! in person! direct from a long run on Tatooine!—on the stage in New York.) From elephants to werewolves . . . wow!

theme song?

There is no truth to the rumor that Wolfman Jack has recorded the following theme song for the Landis film:

When the Dark Shadows fall
O'er a creepy garden wall
And the scars begin to wrinkle
'Neath the sky,
Thru the mist of a memory
You lope on back to me
Screaming my name
With a cry!

But we expect the cry of Landis' lycanthrope to be music to our ears.

END

IRON-ONS

SUPERMAN MOVIE #26141—$1.00

Two spectacular iron-ons. One with the Superman logo, Christopher Reeve, a ringed planet and the giant red sun of Krypton looming ominously in the background! The other is a big, spectacular glitter iron-on of the famous Superman "S" symbol in red and yellow!

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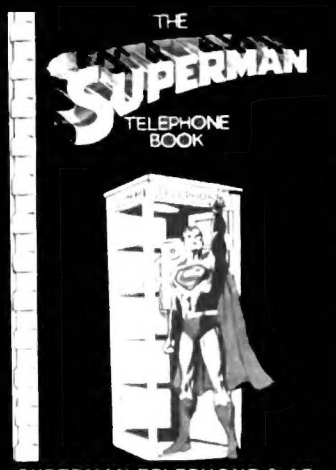
SUPERMAN

UP, UP and AWAY with SOME of SUPERMAN'S FAVORITE THINGS!



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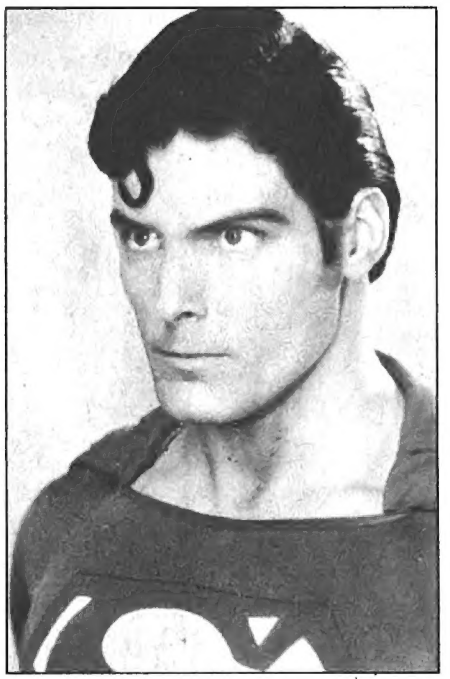
THE STAMP OF ZOD

an interview with the most powerful evildoer ever seen on the motion picture screen

Recently, FAMOUS MONSTERS had the opportunity to chat with Terence Stamp, the actor who plays the infamous and regal Kryptonian villain General Zod in the current super-hit SUPERMAN II.

Like his screen counterpart, Stamp is an intense actor who takes his profession, and any discussion of it, very seriously. Whether or not Zod returns for SUPERMAN III, which goes before the cameras in one year—indeed, at the moment only Christopher Reeve is committed to the project—Stamp can soon be seen in the fantasy film MONSTER ISLAND, based on a work by Jules Verne.

FM: We know that Richard Donner, the director of SUPERMAN I, shot a portion of the footage for SUPERMAN II—yet Richard Lester is credited as the director. Can you explain who did what, and why Lester was brought in for the sequel?



Wonder who ironed the "S" onto the shirt of the Man of Steel?

STAMP: Well, there are a lot of things to be taken into account. When I was initially approached about the films, there was a very special group of people who were involved. The two scripts were very, very good and they were conceived as a two-part saga, which would absolutely end with part two. It was structured in that way; there wouldn't have been any way to go to part three. The director, Richard Donner, had a very clear vision of what he wanted to do, and he just persisted with that vision. Well, he wound up in a position after a while where the producers wouldn't speak to him. They just wanted to get the movies finished and made for their original budget, which was eight million dollars each. And Donner just continued doing what he wanted to do.

The result is that we were all formed into a very tight-knit group on the artistic end of it, to withstand these tremendous pressures from the material end of it. We would accept nothing less than excellent. And when we had spent thirty-six million dollars, shooting the two films simultaneously, it was decided that we would postpone part two and finish part one. At the point I finished, as I only had a few minutes in part one anyway. So the movie came out and was an incredible success, and was also an absolutely extraordinary movie. The first of its kind, from a qualitative point of view.

Then, the key artistic people were either fired or died. The great cameraman Geoffrey Unsworth and the set designer John Barry both died. The script was rewritten to get the film finished more economically, and to leave a corner open so that if in fact SUPERMAN II were another golden egg, there could be many more.

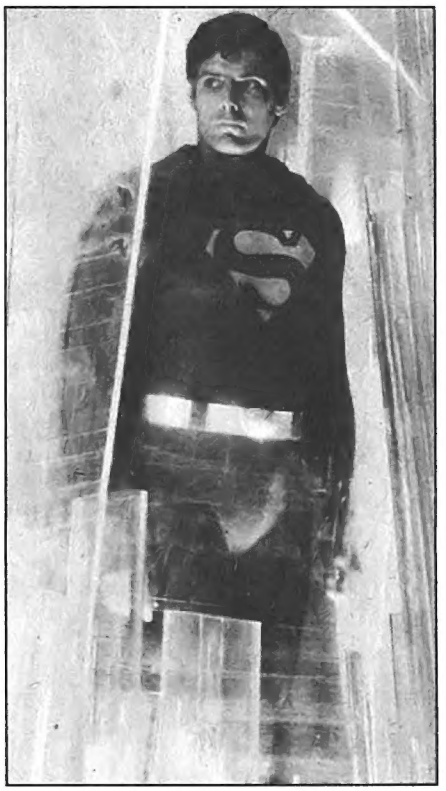
Part two lost something as far as I was concerned. Obviously, it had been meant to be a kind of complete story. Then, also, there wasn't the kind of astringent flavor to it because Marlon Brando was cut out, to weaken his case for payment against the producers. So the film became a more ordinary experience . . . unlike the first part which had been extraordinary.

I think this version is going to be a spectacular commercial venture (Editor's note: Stamp's prediction has proven correct, as the opening week of SUPERMAN II shattered every existing box office record). However, for me, part one paved the way for us to do something commercial and meaningful. Part one contained really very many things that you could ponder upon.

FM: How much of the second film was actually shot by Donner?

STAMP: About two-thirds had been shot, but because of the way part two was restructured, it

Superman brings supervillain Zod almost to his knees.



"Tube be or not tube be..."

All photos in this article TM ©DC COMICS, INC. 1978, 1980.

was necessary for us to reshoot more. Only about half of the original footage shot by Donner was used.

FM: Did your character change dramatically in the rewritten script?

STAMP: Because the action was different the theme was different, and so my part played differently. The original screenplay was really very witty, and contained some very exciting scenes between Zod and Superman. But when the plot changed, there was much more emphasis put on the love story. In the original script, the warhead which Superman pushed into space in part one was the explosive which blew the villains out of the Phantom Zone. That whole thing of Superman rescuing Lois Lane from the Eiffel Tower was just a repetition of all the other times Superman rescued Lois. So the villains would have gotten into the film right away, originally. Also, originally, they were a lot tougher. There was a diabolical quality to them that could be seen, visibly, as the men and women of Krypton were wiped out. In this film, they ended up just like three freaks, with General Zod the most diabolical and therefore the most powerful.

The Super Main Man & Lois Lane.

Also, scenes were shot between Zod and the character Marlon Brando played, which gave it a lot of kind of high science fiction points in the movie. It was the father which originally explained to Superman about the dangers of these characters. I don't want to seem that I'm carping, because it's out and SUPERMAN II is still a fine motion picture. It's just that the end result is a lot different from the original concept.

FM: What was your mental attitude toward Zod?

STAMP: Although we were filming what was 'just a comic book,' it wasn't 'nothing.' It was a very big deal to me. For one thing, everyone who had ever read a Superman comic book would come to see this film. We couldn't let them down. Also, we had to play it seriously because people who enjoy Superman take him seriously. That's what the audience expects, and one does not want to let an audience down.

As for playing Zod, intellectually, a genuinely powerful man can afford to be gentle, like Superman. He doesn't need to prove anything to anybody, he's confident. Zod isn't like that, which is why he's an archvillain.

FM: You did play a few scenes with Marlon Brando in the first film. How was it to act with him?

STAMP: He was very good with me. He seemed a little embarrassed because he can't remember lines. Gene Hackman was also very nice and very friendly.

FM: Did Brando take the film seriously?

STAMP: When he realized that I was really taking it seriously, he was absolutely with me.

FM: You played Dracula on the stage in England, in the part rediscovered by Frank Langella. The critics, however, were most unkind. How did you react to that criticism?

STAMP: You take away the rings that people can put hooks into. If I'm ambitious, that's a very strong ring there, there are all kinds of hooks which can be put into that. It makes me extremely vulnerable to say to myself, 'I really want my Dracula to be good, and want it to be recognized by everybody. I want people to be fighting to get in every night.' If I don't have that want, if I'm doing Dracula because it genuinely interests me, the critics can't have any effect. When you react to them, that's when you give them a sense of accomplishment.

FM: Do you think that SUPERMAN II has any real value, in a social sense?

STAMP: I think that's giving a bit too much weight to fantasy. An individual may realize that greed and jealousy and hatred aren't things to make his or her own existence any better or more peaceful. Anyway, good and evil are relative. People who identify with Superman don't want to be super so they can go around helping everybody. They want to be Superman so they can do what Zod is doing.

FM: What is your most vivid memory of the Superman films?

STAMP: That they were tremendously hard work. It's physically painful work, being rigged for flying on wires and things. It's also terrifically tedious work, because you're sometimes waiting around for days for these rigs to be set up. All in all, it's a curious kind of masochism just to get paid, so one really needs something else, must like the part and look forward to going to the studio.

END

Ursa & Zod agree it's no-Non-sense time. This trio of intergalactic criminals would curdle the milk in the Milky Way!

RATERS OF THE LOST ARK

the arksperts speak

STAR WARS.
Remember when it was on every tongue? Remember the doctor who asked our reader Terri Hardin (the Girl Who's Seen STAR WARS 200 times) to stick out her tongue . . . and there was STAR WARS, tattooed on it? (And if you'll swallow that you'll swallow anything. You want to hear a gross joke? We didn't think so. Then never ask an orchestra to play "The Return of the Swallow by Belch.")

Well, if you were reading **FM** when STAR WARS first blasted our eyeballs on the screen, you'll recall that we went to the experts and asked them what they thought of the picture. We got opinions from Christopher Lee, Dr. Donald Reed (Founder of the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy & Horror Films), the late great Geo. Pal, Verne (Makeup Maestro) Langdon, George (Lt. Sulu) Takei, Charles (novelization of CHILD FROM THE STARS) Nuetzel, Don (scripter of ULTRAMAN—HERO FROM THE STARS) Glut, Marion Zimmer Bradley of "Darkover" fame, Robert (he's completed "Psycho 2") Bloch and numerous others.

arkitects' designs

So, now that RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK is on every tongue (well, we've been too busy to check Terri Hardin's) we've asked a number of the well-known personalities in the realm of the Imagi-nation to give us their opinions. We'll start off with Dr. Walter J. Daugherty, far-famed Photographer of the Mon-Stars and an Egyptologist of note.

FM: "What did you think of RAIDERS, Dr. Daugherty? And was it technically accurate or were there some archeological booboos in it?"

WJD: "Loved the picture. And the statues & the artifacts & everything were basically OK. Of course they got the idea of all the rows of mummies from the catacombs in Mexico. You remember, Ray Bradbury wrote about them in *Dark Carnival.*"

FM: "Yes, that great story, 'The Next in Line.' Seems like it may also have been televised on *Alfred Hitchcock Presents . . .*"

WJD: "What I got the greatest kick out of was when Indiana is going to use his whip to combat that one big bruiser and then the guy confronts him

with that huge wicked weapon that he's going to mow him down with and Indy just shrugs his shoulders and does the only sensible thing (so refreshing because we're not used to heroes acting logically), *he takes out his gun and shoots the guy!*"

FM: "Yes, that scene never fails to draw a whoop & a holler from the audience! But you know something? When Forry Ackerman saw it he said he had a distinct sense of *deja-vu* because over 30 years ago he encountered a similar situation in a story in the famous Irish fanzine of its time, *Slant*, and, as an agent, he sold it professionally to *Other Worlds* magazine. It was called 'The Swordsmen of Varnis' by Clive Jackson and was so well regarded that the late sci-fi humorist Fredric Brown, together with his alive-&-well collaborator Mack Reynolds, anthologized it in *Science Fiction Carnival*."

WJD: "What was the punchline?"

FM: "Here's the last paragraph verbatim:

Now the cold hand of defeat gripped the hearts of the Swordsmen of Varnis; two, three, four more of them mingled their blood with the red dust of the courtyard as Tharn and his fighting princess swung their merciless blades in perfect unison. It seemed that nothing could prevent them now from winning the mysterious secret of the Living Vapor but they reckoned without the treachery of one of the remaining Swordsmen. Leaping backward out of the conflict he flung his sword on the ground in disgust. 'Aw, the Hell with it!' he grunted and, unclipping a proton gun from his belt, he blasted Lehni-tal-Loanis and her Warrior Lord out of existence with a searing energy-beam.

WJD: "Well, I'll be darned! I guess you could say history repeats itself."

FM: "Or *his story* repeats itself!"

DON GLUT

The author of the new Frankenstein Series from Donning publishers enthuses:

"I was expecting something sensational from the Lucas & Spielberg team and I got considerably more than I bargained for.

"I've always loved the old Republic movie serials and RAIDERS combines elements from the best of them, shot with a deserving budget and rolled into one. RAIDERS starts off at peak excitement and goes *uphill* from there!

"Indiana Jones should become the movie hero of the year and I strongly recommend readers of working age should buy stock in the Fedora Mfg. Co.! That stock will rise or I'll eat my hat!

"I just wonder what George & Steve will do for an encore and can fantasize as to what an incredible Doc Savage movie this team could make."

WENDAYNE (ROCKET TO THE RUE MORGUE) ACKERMAN

WA: "Because I was born & raised in Europe, I don't have the American background of Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon, Superman & other American heroes; also, I don't like violence; so I am more inclined to like a picture like CLASH OF THE TITANS because I'm familiar with Greek mythology and find it amusing to see the Gods & Goddes-

It's plain to see that badnik is about to be bald out by Indy.

Indy! Didn't your mother ever tell you reading in the dark would ruin your eyes? Well, if Mom didn't, maybe Marion will.

Han Solo has created enough of a sensation already but if that sub submerges he'll have a sinking sensation.

We hear Kharis is ravin' mad because HE never got to meet maid Marion Ravenwood.

You have heard of people carrying the torch--but for a bunch of snakes?

Riddle: How can you fit an Ark into a nasty Nazi sub? (Frankly, we don't Noah the answer.)

ses portrayed with some of the emotions of mere mortals. When a God gets angry and turns a man into a monster it doesn't have the same emotional effect as a modern human being being lowered into a pit of snakes."

FM: "We gather you could have done without the snakepit sequence in RAIDERS."

WA: "It wasn't my favorite scene. But I did enjoy the combination of biblical fantasy with action in the 30s. RAIDERS is certainly a rousing adventure story and I would not be surprised if it becomes a lasting favorite with readers of **FAMOUS MONSTERS.**"

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

A Living Legend from the pioneering days when sci-fi was known as scientifiction, Don Wollheim has recently celebrated his 10th Anniversary as Editor & Publisher of DAW Books.

And if you like Gothic novels, you'll know he's the man who put the mysterious light in the upstairs window on all those pocketbooks with creepy mansions on the covers.

DAW: "It was rollicking good fun, a far cry from OUTLAND with all its scientific inconsistencies and plot flaws. But one thing bothered me: how could that slip of a girl down all those drinks and not fall flat on her funnybone?"

JOHN BRUNNER

Noted British science fiction author (*Stand on Zanzibar* is his masterpiece) who, in 1969, was invited to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to the Science Fiction Film Festival, along with Geo. Pal, A.E. van Vogt, Philip Jose Farmer, **FM's** Editor, Fritz Lang, Robert Bloch, Yvette Mimieux, Roman (ROSEMARY'S BABY) Polanski, Robert A. Heinlein & others.

JB: "I *could* talk to you about 'ROTLA' but I would rather utilize the space to tell you about a fabulous new science fiction film from *Russia* which I have seen in London.

"It's called STALKER.

"I thought the Soviet sf film SOLARIS was 200% better than 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY and this new film is quite something else.

"It has a really eerie atmosphere.

"Aliens cause a portion of our planet to disappear altogether. It's still there but you need a special guide to get you beyond the border. And once you're inside, strange things happen like nothing natural.

"It has English subtitles and if you have the opportunity to see it I strongly recommend it.

"STALKER."

FM: "Thank you, John Brunner."

DEBORAH NADOOLMAN

All the clothing designed in "ROTLA" is the handiwork of darlin' Deborah, most talented seamstress since Fay Wray sewed a hairshirt for King Kong.

Deborah has great news for ARK fans:

"I hear on the grapevine there may be *two* sequels!"

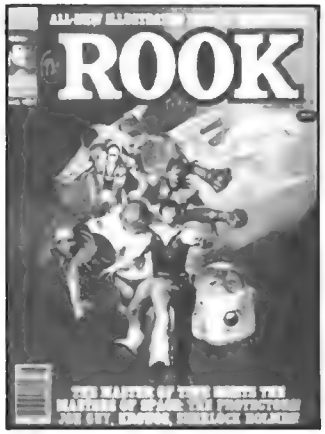
Deborah, you've got us on pins & needles!

END

WARREN MAGAZINES

THE NEW AGE OF ILLUSTRATED EPIC ADVENTURE IS READY FOR DELIVERY NOW!

VAMPIRELLA #100: Our greatest issue ever! An extra-length Vampi spectacular! An other-dimensional beast slithers from the pit to rule the world in "Call It Chaos!" Vampi meets Dracula in a two-part saga! Plus Vampi on Drakulon in "Origin of Vampirella!"



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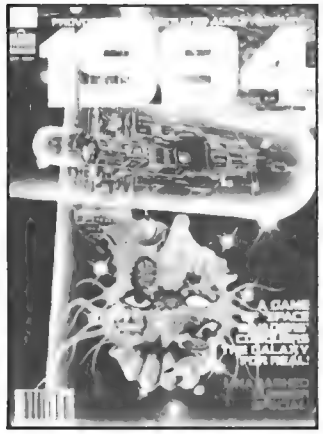

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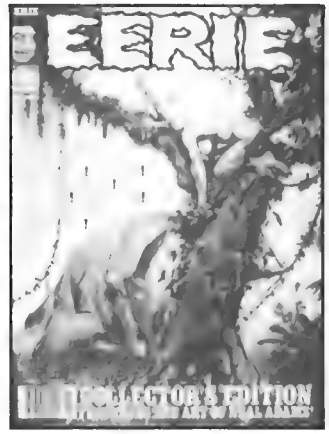

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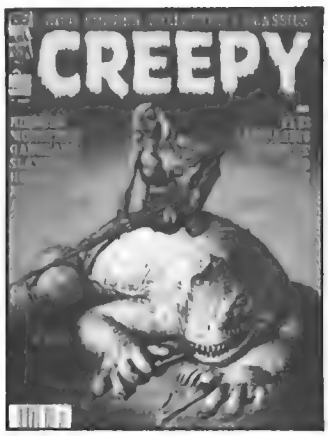

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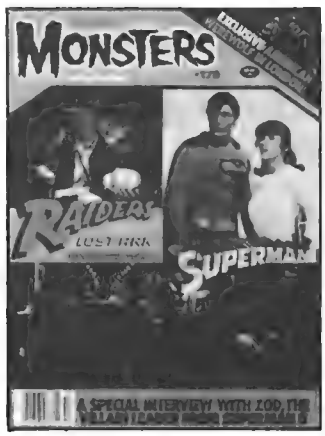

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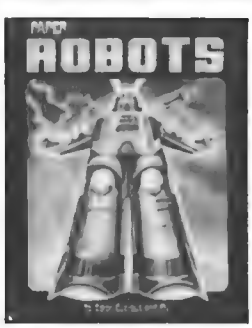

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A NIGHTMARE OF HORROR!
DRACULA
BELA LUGOSI · DAVID MANNERS
HELEN CHANDLER · DWIGHT FRYE
and EDWARD VAN SLOAN
A TOD BROWNING Production

"Come, my friend! Don't be afraid. Put down that gun with the silver bullet, break that annoying wooden stake, don't insult my aristocratic nostrils with the odor of garlic. Wolfsbane, bah!—that is for superstitious peasants. Come! Be brave. Join Bram Stoker, Dwight Frye, Edward Van Sloan, Tod Browning and me . . . in Eternity! Turn this page, if your heart is strong and your blood is rich & red, and let me guide you into the realm of the . . . Undead!"

DRACULA

bela's broadcast

On 27 March 1931, the voice of Dracula was heard on the air. To listeners in Hollywood, Los Angeles, Beverly Hills and environs, Bela Lugosi addressed the following message over radio station KFI. The message is reproduced from a typewritten sheet glued 32 years ago into Lugosi's scrapbook. I have the feeling that Bela composed & typed this speech himself, so I am presenting it in print exactly as it appears in his scrapbook, in his own spelling, grammar, punctuation. FJA

I read the book, "DRACULA", written by Bram Stoker, eighteen year ago, and I always dreamed to create and to play the part of "DRACULA". Finally the opportunity came. Horace Liveright, stage producer of New York, acquired the stage rights of the novel and he chose me for the part. I have played the role of "DRACULA" about a thousand times on the stage, and people often ask me if I still retain my interest in the character. I do—intensely. Because many people regard the story of "DRACULA" simply as a glorified superstition, the actor who plays the role is constantly engaged in the battle of wits with the audience, in a sense, since he is constantly striving to make the character so real that the audience will believe in it.

Now that I have appeared in the screen version of the story which Universal has just completed, I am of course not under this daily strain in the depiction of the character. My work in this direction was finished with the completion of the picture, but while it was being made I was working more intensely to this end than I ever did on the stage.

Although "DRACULA" is a fanciful tale of a fictional character, it is actually a story which has many essential elements of truth. I was born and reared in almost the exact location of the story, and I came to know that what is looked upon merely as a superstition of ignorant people, is really based on facts which are literally hair-raising in their strangeness—but which are *true*. Many people will leave the theatre with a sniff at the fantastic character of the story, but many others who think just as deeply will gain an insight into one of the most remarkable facts of human existence. "DRACULA" is a story which has always had a powerful effect on the emotions of an audience, and I think that the picture will be no less effective than the stage play. In fact, the motion picture should even prove more remarkable in this direction, since many things which could only be talked about on the stage are shown on the screen in all their uncanny detail.

I am sure you will enjoy "DRACULA". I am sure you will be mightily affected by its strange story, and I hope that it will make you *think*—about the weirdest, most remarkable condition that ever affected mankind.

I Thank You.

from book to play to picture

"Dracula" was first published in London, England, in 1897, by Constable. The First Edition contained 400 pages.

Two years later, "Dracula" crossed the ocean. The first edition in America was published by Doubleday & McClure Co. in 1899 and contained 378 pages — approximately 55,800 words.

For more than a quarter of a century it thrilled millions the world over in many editions & many languages. Then, in 1927, it first appeared in play form, its close to 56,000 words condensed to approximately 18,700 words of stage dialog & direction by Hamilton Deane & John L. Balderston.

And Lugosi donned upon his shoulders the cape he was born to carry.

In the ensuing 3 years that he essayed the role in America & Europe, "each performance required intensive mental concentration & a complete assumption of the morbid spirit of terror in order to give his portrayal maximum effect," reported one Robbin Coons.

As Dracula's nemesis, Edward Van Sloan became well-established in the role of Dr. Van Helsing, vampire exterminator, by portraying the character for 94 weeks on the stage.

The final screenplay was written by Garrett Fort from Tod Browning's adaptation of the stageplay, with additional dialog by Dudley Murphy.

Browning directed.

Cameraman was none other than Karl Freund, photographer of METROPOLIS!

who to play the thirsty count?

This was one for Robert Ripley: *Believe It Or Not* it was not always a foregone conclusion, a clearcut decision, that Bela Lugosi would portray Dracula on the screen!

Before the final die was cast, at least 4 other actors were considered for the immortal role:

Conrad Veidt, of CALIGARI, MAN WHO LAUGHS and STUDENT OF PRAGUE fame, who no doubt would have been magnetic & magnificent in the role. Oddly enough, in 1920 Veidt appeared together with Lugosi in JANUS-FACED, a silent German version of the perennial Robert Louis Stevenson favorite, DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE.

—Paul Muni, a character star (Academy Award winner) who has not been much associated with fantasy in his career, ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER (United Artists 1946) being an exception that comes to mind, an imagi-movie in which Claude Rains portrayed His Satanic Majesty.

—Ian Keith, primarily a specialist in villainous roles in costume spectacles.

—And one Wm. Courtenay, about whom I am afraid I know nothing at all (and about whom I am certain someone more knowledgeable & elderly than I will write in to inquire how I could be so grossly ignorant of the fact that he created the character of Svengali on the New York stage, played Rasputin 3000 times to packed houses or was one of Rossum's robust non-rust robots). . .

The heroine, Helen Chandler, was a natural for the cast, having appeared the year before in OUTWARD BOUND, adapted from Sutton Vane's spirit-world play of a boatload of people who did not know they were dead & on their way to Judgment. (OUTWARD BOUND was remade in 1944 as BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.)

somebody down there liked him

But somebody below in Beelzebubsville must have had a soft spot on their pitchfork for Bela and got in there & pitched, making it hot at the Front Office of Universal, so that at the penultimate moment (also known as the Old Nick of time) sanity prevailed and Bela Lugosi was irrevocably cast as Screen Dracula #1.

NOTE: By actual count of Man Aging Editor Avril Lorraine, it has been determined that the late Mr. Lugosi's scrapbook contains 796 separate references to & reviews of DRACULA. And it is illuminating to note, in culling thru these hundreds of clippings to bring you the cream of the crop, just how many errors crop up! If you think there are printing mistakes in *FM*, you should examine the newspapers:

Before he became universally known, Lugosi sometimes had his first name spelled by the press with two l's—Bella. His last, Lagosi & Lugosy!

On several occasions his first name was even erroneously printed as Zela! And the title itself was once referred to as *Draculi*!

One paper reported that he began playing the Dracula role on the stage in 1917!—altho most agreed that 1927 was the correct year.

In any event, DRACULA was filmed with Bela Lugosi as its star & first released to the world on 14 February 1931. February 14th—what a Valentine's present to the Imagi-Nation. . . !

In its original length, DRACULA contained 6978 feet of film & ran 75 minutes.

bela believed in browning

The late Tod Browning was directly praised by Lugosi in these words:

"On the stage the actor's success depends wholly on himself. He goes onto the stage & gives his performance in what to him seems the most effective manner. But in the studio the responsibility is shifted to the director, who controls the actor's every move, every inflection, every expression.

"In playing in the picture I found that there was a great deal that I had to unlearn. In the theater I was playing not only to the spectators in the front rows but also to those in the last row of the gallery, and there was some exaggeration in everything I did, not only in the tonal pitch of my voice but in the changes of facial expression which accompanied various lines or situations, was necessary. I 'took it big,' as the saying is.

"But for the screen, in which the actor's distance from every member of the audience is equal only to his distance from the lens of the camera, I have found that a great deal of the repression was an absolute necessity. Tod Browning has continually had to 'hold me down.' In my other screen roles I did not seem to have this difficulty but I have played *Dracula* a thousand times on the stage & in this one role I find that I have become thoroughly settled in the technique of the stage & not of the screen. But thanks to director Browning I am unlearning fast."

sets set record

Many sources reported at the time that:

Some of the most remarkable sets ever made & certainly the most unusual ones ever erected at Universal Studios are being used in the filming of DRACULA, the strange story which brings to the screen what has been acclaimed as "the weirdest character in fiction"—Count Dracula, a human vampire who lies dead in his casket during the daytime only to rise during the hours of darkness & feast on the blood of living persons.

"His face was a strong—a very strong—aquiline, with high bridge of the thin nose & peculiarly arched nostrils; with lofty domed forehead & hair growing scantily round the temples but profusely elsewhere. His eyebrows were very massive, almost meeting over the nose, and with bushy hair that seemed to curl in its own profusion. The mouth, so far as I could see it under the heavy moustache (Lugosi, of course, did not wear a moustache in his characterization), was fixed & rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly sharp white teeth; these protruded over the lips, whose remarkable ruddiness showed astonishing vitality in a man of his years."—Stoker.

The earlier sequences of this terrifying drama are laid in Dracula's Transylvanian castle, a great stone structure fallen into ruin & decay and deserted for 500 years except for its one ghostly occupant. Massive columns support the ceilings & even the floors are made of stone flagging. The fire place in the great central hall is higher than a man can reach.

The entire interior, begrimed with the dust of centuries, is festooned with cobwebs, one of these great silken meshes being more than 18' in diameter & extending entirely across the grand stairway. The wall hangings droop in tatters, blackened with age & dust. Fallen blocks of granite litter the floors & enormous trees thrust their dead branches in at the window openings. The scene is one of utter desolation.

Later the scene of DRACULA shifts to England and here the sinister Count takes up his abode in a deserted abbey, the one place in the country which most resembles his castle in Transylvania. The ancient building is of stone inside & out and much of the action takes place below the level of the land, in the vaulted burial crypt, where Dracula lies each day in a semblance of death in a great box-like coffin lined with his native earth.

fax about carfax

When Dracula takes up residence in Carfax Abbey, the word goes out thru the nation's newspapers:

"Universal City has become a veritable chamber of horrors!"

Columnists reported: "'Dracula', perhaps the most gruesome & at the same time one of the most fascinating stories in English literature, has just gone into production & is planned as one of Universal's most lavish photoplays for the coming season.

"DRACULA deals with human vampires & the horrible lives of the 'undead', those strange creatures who rise from their graves at night & feast on the blood of the living. The studio's largest sound stages are necessary to house some of the gigantic sets for the picture.

looking backward at bela lugosi

On 18 Oct. 1930 in EXHIBITORS HERALD-WORLD, Edward Churchill wrote:

Bela Lugosi is better fitted for the role of Dracula, I think, than anyone any place. He looks like Count Dracula. He *is* Count Dracula, the blood-sucking "half-dead" vampire who peers thru cobwebs, changes himself into a wolf & then into a veil of mist. Lugosi is a find of Carl Laemmle Jr. He has been given a 5-year contract at Universal. More than $400,000 (Depression dollars, more like $1 million by today's standards) is being spent on the production. The book itself is reported to have sold more copies than any other book except the Bible. (And small wonder, with jacket blurbs & rave

"Welcome to my house! Enter freely & of your own will!"

Renfield kneels & acknowledges allegiance to his evil master.

As maid faints, Renfield prepares to break his fast & appease his horrible, unholy appetite.

No ordinary bat, that, which attacks the horrified hero & his hypnotically entranced Lucy.

Renfield chills as he listens to "the children of the night."

Dracula's disciple, Dwight Frye, weakens before Van Helsing's potent sprig of wolfsbane.

The end draws nigh for Dracula as his coffin is discovered.

I saw the Count lying within the box upon the earth. He was deathly pale, just like a waxen image, and the red eyes glared with the horrible vindictive look which I knew too well. (When he died) it was like a miracle: before our very eyes, and almost in the drawing of a breath, the whole body crumbled into dust and passed from our sight.—Dr. Harker.

Cunning Van Helsing catches Count off-guard with mirror-box that betrays his secret.

Dracula reacts instinctively, smashes the mirror-box.

Madman or martyr? Van Helsing studies rabid Renfield.

The Count cannot conceal his centuries-old thirst for blood when Renfield pricks finger.

Dracula exerts his full fiendish power on Van Helsing the vampire-fighter. Van Helsing . . .

. . . produces protection in the nick of time: the crucifix!

The women closed round whilst I was aghast with horror; but as I looked they disappeared. They simply seemed to fade into the rays of the moonlight and pass out thru the window for I could see outside the dim shadowy forms for a moment before they entirely faded away. Then the horror overcame me and I sank down unconscious.

reviews like these: "Dracula' Dead 600 years yet still living! Was he beast, man or vampire? One of the most famous novels of its kind in the world, it has thrilled 2 generations of readers with the horror of its story, the mystery of its unfolding & the suspense of its climax. Those who have read it have never been able to forget it, for the thrill & magic of the story leave a lasting impression on the mind. It is impossible to describe the plot of *Dracula*. You have to read the book to get the full terrifying, thrilling effect of one of the most dramatic & imaginative stories of mystery & the supernatural ever written."—from Grosset & Dunlap jacket, and on the back of the dust wrapper: "'Never before has a play so remarkable in its thrills and so completely overwhelming in every respect been staged in this town' . . . An ample feast of the uncanny & supernatural' . . . These were some of the press notices which preceded the play *Dracula* from London where it ran for 3 years. New York theatergoers, hardened to sensational mystery plays, were skeptical. Yet at every performance of this weird, uncanny piece, women shreiked & men gripped their chairs at the blood-freezing scenes before them." The DAILY MAIL declared: "In seeking a parallel to this weird, powerful & horrible story, our minds revert to such tales as "The Mysteries of Udolpho', 'Frankenstein', 'Wuthering Heights', 'The Fall of the House of Usher' & 'Marjery of Quelher'. But *Dracula* is even more appalling in its gloomy fascination than any of these."

"One phantasmal ghastliness follows another in horrid swift succession."—LIVERPOOL DAILY POST. "He drank human blood! To live, this mysterious nobleman had to have the elixir of life, sucked from the veins of the living. As a steady best-seller over the years and an all-time-great motion picture, *Dracula*, with its vampires, werewolves, hypnotists & restless dead has chilled the spines & curdled the blood of readers thru-out the world."—Permabooks paperback edition. "There is nothing in English fiction which can be compared with this novel of the Vampire world."

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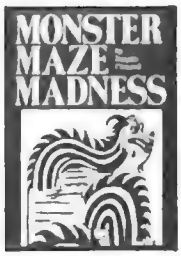

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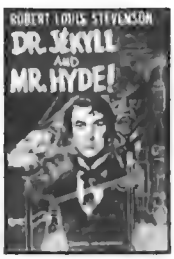

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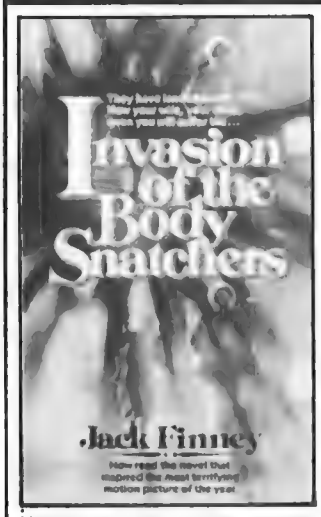

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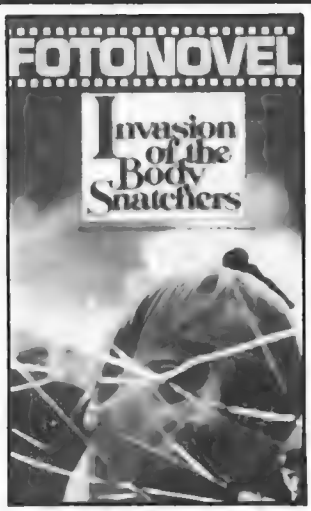

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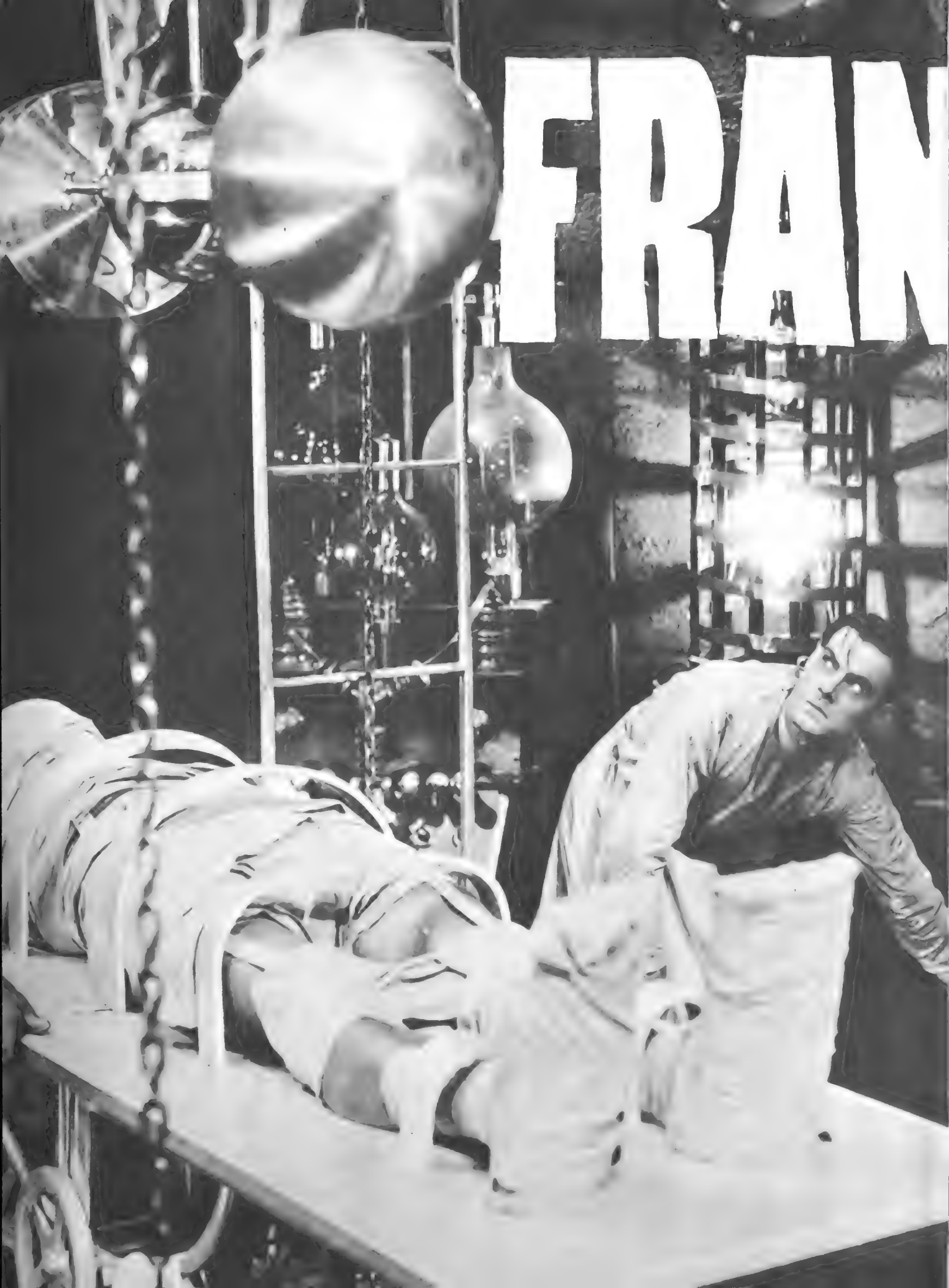

FRAN

KENSTEIN

King Karloff's Greatest Film of the Man Who Made A Monster

Prolog to Horror

BEWARE . . .

Out of the blackness of the sound stage, a finely-attired gentleman steps forth, halting within the single spotlight. He is Edward Van Sloan and he bears a message from the President of Universal Studios.

"How do you do?" he begins. *"Mr. Carl Laemmle feels it would be a little unkind to present this picture without a word of warning. We are about to unfold the story of Frankenstein, a man of Science who sought to create life after his own image without reckoning on God. It is one of the strangest tales ever told. It deals with the 2 great mysteries of Creation—Life & Death. I think it will thrill you; it may shock you; it may even*—horrify—*you . . . So, if any of you feel you'd not care to subject your nerves to such a strain, now's your chance to—er— Well, we warned you . . ."*

Chapter 1
FIENDS AT THE FUNERAL

The solemn, soul-stirring words of invocation roll thru the air of dismal midnight, creeping uneasily thru the miasma that pervades the mediaeval graveyard, somewhere in Central Europe. Beneath the ebony sky, in the center of the nectropolitan assemblage, the black-garbed priest stands with the flag of death—the dreaded skull & cross-

bones—, mumbling the rites of the dead over the body within the coffin. Beside him is the sexton, holding aloft a lantern, and about him are gathered the family & friends of the deceased—two or three weeping women and a number of saddened, careworn men, many of whom are mourning the loss. The peasants, their hats in their hands, grimly view the open grave.

Shattering the deathlike stillness & silence that follows the prayer—soundless save for the sobs of the pallbearers—a church bell tolls in the distance. It echoes, reverberating over the deserted countryside, and it is soon joined by others, in noticeable contrast with the mournful mood that now encompasses the scene.

Four of the peasants slowly lower the coffin into the grave with jerky movements of the ropes and one aged woman—the bereaved widow—begins to wail pitifully but is comforted by an equally elderly man with tufts of windblown white hair scattered at random about his bald head.

Two nearly unseen figures peer between the slats of the moss-clad picket fence surrounding the cemetery, their eyes peer from among the long-untouched weeds. Concealed by the shadows, the pallid Dr. Henry Frankenstein *(Colin Clive)* watches the ceremony, while beside him squirms his short hunchbacked assistant Fritz *(Dwight Frye)*. The dwarfish Fritz, his twisted visage & glowing eyes moving impatiently in the dark, raises his head for a better view and immediately Henry seizes the tattered shirt on Fritz's shoulder.

"Down! Down, you fool!" he growls, scarcely above a whisper.

Fritz reluctantly returns to the dark shadows to witness the proceedings, altho with far less visibility.

The funeral is ended. The peasants take a final look at the coffin, then silently depart behind the priest. The sexton tilts the lantern upon his shoulder, following the others, and soon the flag of death recedes out of sight.

Chapter 2
TO RAISE THE DEAD

A man is dead. May God have mercy upon his soul . . . for Dr. Henry Frankenstein will surely not let his body rest peacefully in the warm moist earth. . . . . .

DWIGHT FRYE (left), the Maniacal Assistant of Dr. Frankenstein (COLIN CLIVE, right).

One man remains behind in the graveyard for his work has just begun—he is the gravedigger. He removes his coat & hat and tosses them aside; spits on his hands, rubbing them together. And gripping the shovel in his calloused hands, he begins the task of filling the grave. He hurls the sod & gravel down upon the coffin, creating a miniature avalanche of sound, and presently the grave is entirely covered. As if he were an aging familiar of Mother Earth, burying one of her fallen children, he pats down the loose earth firmly with the spade. At last he shoulders his coat and tosses on his hat and, throwing the shovel over his shoulder, abandons the cemetery.

Hurriedly, Henry & Fritz leap over the fence, clambering over into the nebulous necropolis, and they excitedly hurl their coats to the ground, falling to work at reopening the grave-violating the sanctuary that only Death offers.

In the background, behind a crumbled & crumbling picket fence and among several gnarled trees, the statue or *is* it a statue?—of the Grim Reaper looks on, clothed in a shroud of uncertainty, its misshapen, bony hands clasped about the cruciform sword upon which it leans. Its horrible bone-white death mask catches & reflects the glow of the spectral clouds, tinted lightly by the rising moon's pallid brilliance. It stands, perhaps, to serve a purpose similar to that of a scarecrow—to frighten away hovering spirits of the dead, maybe even

demons . . .

A veritable demon himself, Henry shouts, "Now! Come on!"

Fritz & he heave up one end of the coffin but they cannot quite get it out of the now open grave. The two are obviously having some difficulty with it for it weighs as much as both of them combined.

"Hurry! Hurry!" Henry urges, glancing up at the sky. "The moon's rising—we've no time to lose."

Distracted and perhaps a little frightened, Fritz drops his shovel on the coffin lid and the resulting crash compounds the nervousness that Henry already has acquired.

"Careful!" he growls.

"Here it comes!" Fritz cries excitedly.

Finally the coffin is slowly shoved up onto the cemetery lot, as the sober-faced harried Henry somberly & forcefully raises up the end still in the grave. Fritz jumps out of the grave and crouches down on the ground, almost sitting, and with the aid of Henry pulls the coffin onto the ground. Henry crawls from the pit and goes to the dirt-encrusted casket. An almost imperceptible, thin-lipped smile upon his face, he pats the coffin lid fondly and the hollow sound roams thru the confines of its interior.

Satisfied, Henry mutters: "He's just resting . . . waiting for new life to come!"

Chapter 3
THE GIFT OF THE GALLOWS

The devilish pair make their way laboriously up a slope and along a bumpy country path, as Fritz

FRANKENSTEIN—Universal—
Released December 1931
The Players

Dr. Henry Frankenstein (mad genius)
COLIN CLIVE

Elizabeth (his frightened fiancée)
MAE CLARKE

Victor Morris (her devoted friend)
JOHN BOLES

THE MONSTER (the classic of horror)
BORIS KARLOFF

Dr. Waldman (alias Van Helsing)
EDWARD VAN SLOAN

Fritz (the demented assistant) DWIGHT FRYE

Baron Frankenstein (crotchety papa)
Frederick Kerr

Vogel the Burgomeister (pompous)
Lionel Belmore

Hans the Woodman (Forester!)
Forrester Harvey

Maria (the daisy that didn't float)
Marilyn Harris

BASED on the world famous novel by 19-year-old Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley: Mrs. Percy B. Shelley. ADAPTED by John L. Balderston from the PLAY by Peggy Webling. SCREENPLAY by Garrett Fort & Francis Edwards Faragoh. DIRECTOR: *James Whale*. CAMERAMAN: Arthur Edeson. SETTINGS: Herman Rosse. PRODUCED by Carl Laemmle Jr. *MAKE-UP: JACK PIERCE*. This Filmbook fictionized by G. John Edwards from tapescript by Pete Claudius. Special Editing by Forrest J Ackerman.

"Bodies from the graves, the gallows—anywhere!"

pantingly pulls—with Henry lending a lesser amount of energy from the rear of the vehicle—the wooden cart bearing the coffin & corpse. Before them lies the gallows. A body is outlined against the night sky—the body of a criminal, who now hangs lifelessly by his neck from the thick wooden post. The languid wind causes the body to sway back & forth ever so lightly, turning nearly unnoticeably.

They leave the cart a few yards away and Fritz gazes at the corpse nearby. "Here we are. Look!—It's still here!" he snorts excitedly.

They advance toward the hanged man and Fritz, holding the lantern in one hand and a short, bulb-tipped rod in the other, peers fearfully up at the corpse from his contorted stature.

Henry calmly pokes him in the back, ordering "Climb up and cut the rope."

Fritz turns to him with a questioning gaze for this prospect holds no joy for the superstitious lout. "No!" he babbles, his voice trembling openly.

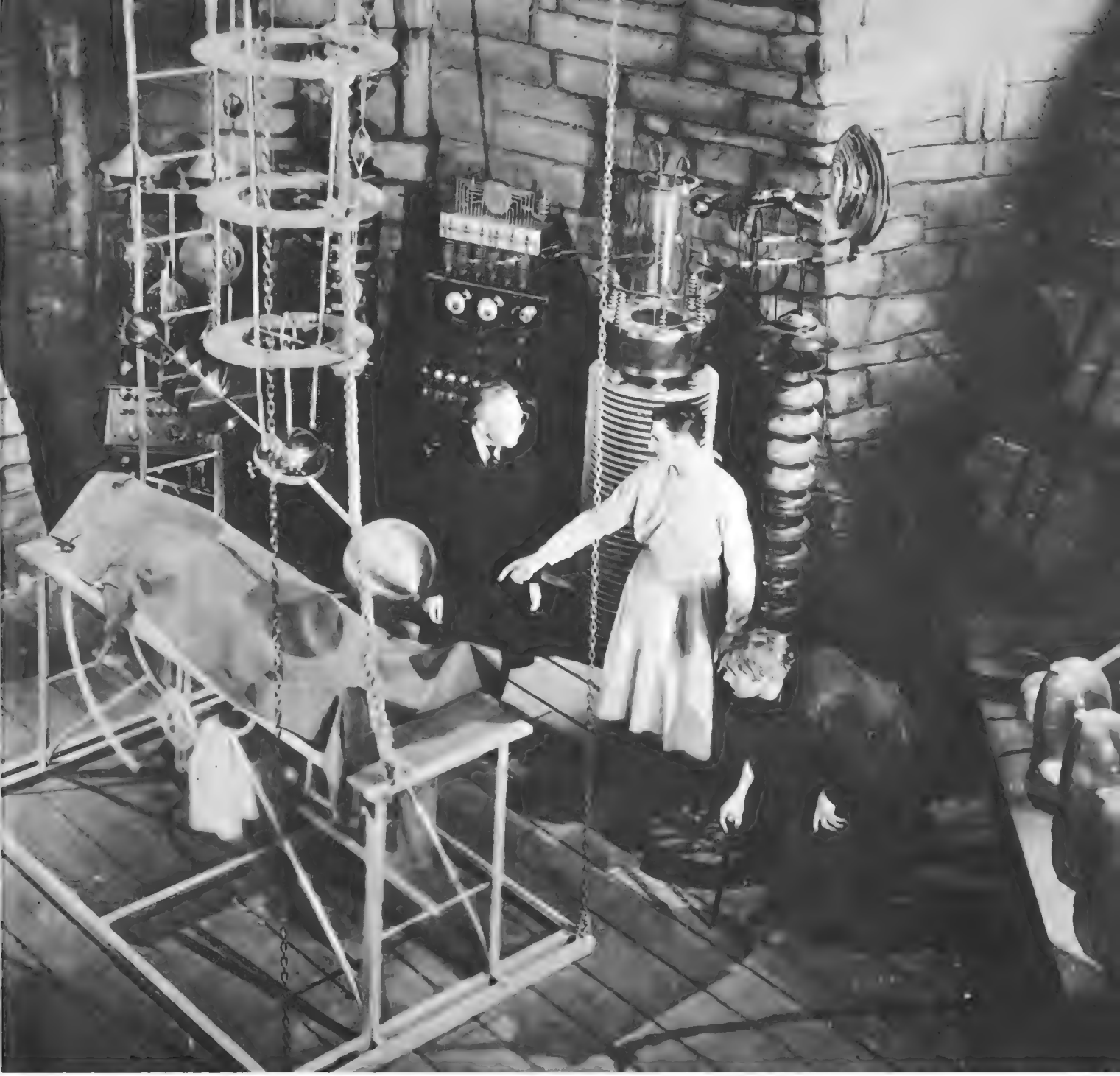
Henry frowns at Fritz impudence. "Go on. It can't hurt you." He hands him a dull pocket knife. "Here's a knife."

Glancing fearfully at his master, Fritz reluctantly takes it and ascends the gallows like a slithering beast—true to his actual nature. He straddles the crossbeam and, the knife in his teeth, crawls along it until he is over the corpse. Removing the knife from his mouth, he carefully begins to saw away at the rope.

"Look out!" Fritz warns.

Looking down half fearfully, he watches as the corpse drops to the ground before Henry, who

30 Coffin-robbing for unorthdox Science' most secret & daring experiment.



"That body has never lived," Henry Frankenstein tells Dr. Waldman (Edward Van Sloan). "I created it, with my own hands."

steps back slighlty.

"Here's the knife," Fritz calls, hurling it to earth at Henry's feet. Then he swings from the crossbeams like a repulsive baboon, slavering, "Here I come!" And he jumps to the ground again.

Henry examines the body of the hanged criminal while Fritz looks on wide-eyed, his lips twisted out of shape.

"Is it all right?" the diminutive ghouls inquires.

Henry spits angrily. "The neck's broken. The brain is *useless!* We must find another brain . . ."

Chapter 4
THE CRIMINAL BRAIN

In the large auditorium-classroom within the Goldstadt Medical College nearby, a night session is in progress. There are gathered a score of well-dressed gentlemen & women, looking on attentively as two doctors cover a corpse, wheeling it away on the operating table. They pass a 6-foot human skeleton, which one of the doctors accidentally brushes against, and it bobs up & down, a ridiculous look upon its fleshless face, to the great amusement of the medical students. Giggles begin to echo thruout the room.

The distinguished professor of anatomy, Dr. Waldman *(Edward Van Sloan)*, resumes his lecture. Beside him, on the desk, are two large glass jars, each containing a brain in formaldehyde solution. The jars are labeled alternatively: NORMAL BRAIN & ABNORMAL BRAIN.

"It's moving . . . it's alive . . . it's moving . . . it's *alive!*"

The doctors leave the room. Waldman turns once more to the first jar intoning: "And in conclusion, ladies & gentlemen, here we have one of the most perfect specimens of the human brain that ever come to my attention at the University. And here—" He points to the second jar. "—the abnormal brain of the typical criminal." He indicates the various regions of the brain with his pencil point. "Observe, ladies & gentlemen, the scarcity of convolutions on hte frontal lobe as compared to that of the normal brain, and the distinct degeneration of the middle frontal lobe. All of these degenerate characteristics check amazingly with the case history of the dead man, whose life was one of brutality, of violence & murder. Both of these jars will remain here for your further inspection. Thank you, gentlemen. The class is dismissed."

Waldman departs from the auditorium and the students file out behind him in no apparent hurry. The door is locked and presently, after a brief moment of undisturbed silence, hte twisted face of Fritz appears outside the window, contorting and peering into the latent laboratory. With his everpresent little rod, he pries the window open and stealthily enters. He prowls around in the room, crawling thru the rows of seats, engulfed in the darkness, and makes his way to the desk and pair of brains. Unnoticed, the skeleton stands in the shadows beside him as he stares with fascination at the strange things in the foul-smelling liquid. His ragged coat brushes against the "spectator"

and, sensing something nearby, he wheels about very sharply. The scene that greets Fritz's superstitious eyes is that of the large skeleton, looming over him, jiggling & bouncing in an alarming, menacing manner. But he is not as fearful as one might imagine. Instinctively drawing a quick breath, he grabs the skeleton and halts its motion, as he gazes up at the fearful thing with a look of pure consternation—half apprehension & half bewilderment. Then he turns and lifts up the jar designated NORMAL BRAIN, worming his way toward the window, but unexpectedly—

Clang!

The dull but startling sound of something metallic being struck resounds from the darkness!

Half paralyzed by fear, letting a tiny gasp escape his misshapen lips, his trembling hands release the jar and hte brain soon finds itself lying amidst a pile of broken glass, scattered *tissue* & splashes of formaldehyde.

Fritz manages to calm himself and, realizing his inexcusable mistake, seizes the remaining jar—marked *ABNORMAL BRAIN*—and scrambles out the window.

Chapter 5
A LUNATIC'S LETTER?

Candlelight bathes the photograph of Henry Frankenstein in a pallid blue-amber aura, the flames flickering eerily from a nocturnal draught. Sitting in the half-light of her room, Henry's fiancée Elizabeth *(Mae Clarke)* gazes fondly at the unmoving image. Suddenly, she is disturbed from her pleasant pastime by the erratic trembling of the candle flame and the maid opens the door, entering the room.

"Herr Victor Morris," she announces.

Elizabeth rises to her feet and Victor *(John Boles)*—a mutual friend—steps in.

"Victor!" she gasps joyfully. "I'm so glad you've come."

"What is it, Elizabeth?" he asks.

She holds up a letter and Victor glances at it, nodding:

"Oh—you've heard from Henry?"

"Yes," she replies. "The first word in four months. It just came. Oh, Victor—you must help me."

Victor senses there is something wrong and readily offers assistance. "Of course I'll help you!"

They walk across the room and, standing beside the candles, Elizabeth shakes the letter at Victor. "I've read this over & over again, but they're just words—that I can't understand. Listen—" She quotes from the letter, which reads:

You must have faith in me, Elizabeth. Wait. My work must come first, even before you. At night the winds howl in the mountains. There is no one here. Prying eyes can't peer into my secret . . .

Born of lighting, He is attracted to the light.

Tense scene for Henry (with torch) and Dr. Waldman, with syringe, as Monster hesitates in doorway to its prison.

"What can he mean?" she asks, interrupting herself.

Victor is too absorbed to offer any interpretation. He inquires, "What does he say then?"

She continues. *I am living in an abandoned old watch tower close to the town of Goldstadt. Only my assistant is here to help me with my experiments.*

"Oh . . . his experiments," mutters Victor, somewhat relieved.

Elizabeth clutches the letter. "Yes—that's what frightens me. The very day we announced our engagement, he told me of his experiments. He said he was on the verge of a discovery so terrific that he doubted his own sanity." She looks skyward. "There was a strang look in his eyes . . . some mystery . . . his words carried me right away. Of course, I've never doubted him, but still I worry—I can't help it. And now, this letter! Oh, this uncertainty can't go on!" She & Victor sit down. "I must know! Victor, have you seen him?"

"Yes—about 3 weeks ago," he replies. "I met him walking alone in the woods. He spoke to me of his work, too. I asked him if I might visit his laboratory. He just glared at me and said he'd let *no one* go there. His manner was very strange."

Elizabeth moans. "Oh, what can we do? Oh, if he should be ill—" She rises, her eyebrows knitted.

Victor too is concerned about Henry's welfare but manages to conceal it fairly well. He assures her: "Now, don't worry. I'll go to Dr. Waldman, Henry's old professor at medical school. Perhaps he can tell me more about all this . . ."

"Victor, you're a dear," she smiles.

He looks fondly at her, declaring, "You know I'd go to the ends of the earth for you."

"I shouldn't like that. I'm far too fond of you."

Victor murmers, "I wish you were."

Elizabeth — Henry's betrothed — turns away, sadly. "Oh, Victor . . ."

"Oh, come away, Fritz, leave it alone," doctor pleads with sadistic dwarf.

"I'm sorry." He gets up, starting to leave, and Elizabeth & he shake hands.

"Goodnight Victor—and thank you. Thank you."

He smiles. "Goodnight. And don't worry. Promise?"

"I won't."

Victor departs from the room and walks across the hall toward the door but he is halted by a short cry from behind him.

"Victor!" It is Elizabeth again, hurrying after him.

He turns. "What is it?"

"I'm coming with you."

Surprised, Vicotr babbles: "But, Elizabeth—you can't do that!"

"I must!" She whirls about, going upstairs, I'll be ready in a minute."

Before Victor can offer another word of objection, Elizabeth has gone to get her coat.

Chapter 6
DARK REVELATIONS

Victor & Elizabeth are soon seated before the desk of venerable Dr. Waldman in his office. On his desk are a number of test tubes, containing a rainbow array of chemicals, a microscope & numerous scientific tomes. Along the wall there is a cabinet that houses more chemicals, other dusty books and —10 skulls! Waldman, fingering his eyeglasses nervously, listens with extreme interest to the grim narrative of the two visitors.

"Young Frankenstein," Waldman adds, "is a most brilliant young man, yet so erratic he troubles me."

Elizabeth sobs, "I'm worried about Henry. Why has he left the University? He was doing so well —and he seemed so happy with his work!"

Eagle-eyed, craggy-featured Waldman frowns.

A pathetic creature. Karloff made him a monster more to be pitied than feared.

"Well, you know his researches in the fields of chemical galvanism & electrobiology were far in advance of our theories here at the University. In fact, they had reached a most advanced stage. They were becoming . . . dangerous. Herr Frankenstein has greatly changed."

"You mean, changed as a result of his work?" Victor queries.

"Yes, his work—his insane ambition to *create life!*" Waldman confesses.

Victor looks down at the floor, meditating.

"How?" cries Elizabeth, worriedly. "How? Please tell us everything—whatever it is."

"The bodies we use in our dissection room for lecture purposes were not perfect enough for his experiments, he said. He wished us to supply him with other bodies—and were were not to be too particular as to where & how we got them." He smiles painfully, continuing: "I told him that these demands were unreasonable and so he left the University to work unhampered. He found what he needed elsewhere."

Victor laughs. "Oh—the bodies of animals! Well, what are the lives of a few rabbits & dogs?"

Waldman looks sharply, seriously at him. "You do not quite get what I mean. Herr Frankenstein was interested only in *human* life—first to destroy it; then recreate it. There you have his . . . *mad dream.*"

"Can we go to him?" Elizabeth begs.

"You will not be very welcome."

"Oh, what does that matter?" she wails. "I must see him. Dr. Waldman, you have influence with Henry. Won't you come with us?"

"I am sorry but Herr Frankenstein is no longer my pupil."

"But he respects you. Won't you help us to take him away?"

Waldman rises. "Very well, fraulein. I warned you, but if you wish it . . . I will go."

Chapter 7
THE TOWER OF POWER

The elements whirl thru a vortex of black clouds & howling winds. A storm is rising. The ominous clouds are looming over the ghostly tower, circling like ravenous vultures, and thunder peals in the mountains far away.

Within the laboratory in the tower, Henry & the loathsome Fritz are adjusting the myriad devices & instruments that dominate the weird chamber's interior. Huge coils & monstrous cathodes & gigantic transformers stretch toward the heavens from the laboratory's oaken floor. The wraithlike lights flash & sizzle and the coils buzz & hiss in a never-ending array of Science's most astounding creations. The pygmy-like Fritz is on the ramparts, tightening the electric absorbers and Henry meanwhile, stands beside the large operating table, suspended from the ceiling by four chains. The table itself is partially covered with a sheet, the contours of which reveal a human form of monstrous proportions. Henry turns from examining the cryptic figure and stands below the skylight, shouting up to the roof.

"Fritz!"

A voice rings above the sound of thunder & wind: "Hello!"

"Have you finished making those connections?"

"Yes—they're done."

"Well, come down soon!" calls Henry. "Then help me with the schedule! We've lots to do!"

Quasimodo-like, Fritz slides down the rope to the laboratory, where he finds Henry uncovering the flat and boardlike, gauze-wrapped feet of the thing upon the table. The hunchbacked dwarf snarls and eyes nearly popping out, shakes his fist at the inert form.

"Ooh—the fiend!" he spits.

The thunder rumbles overhead but Henry is undisturbed by all this turmoil. His eyes flash as he snaps: "Fool! If this storm develops as I hope, you'll have plenty to be afraid of before the night's over! Go on—fix the electrodes!"

Fritz fastens the electrodes, charging them, and Henry dons a pair of earphones. As he turns a nearby dial, he listens eagerly to the wild crackling of static. He seems pleased by the results of the tests.

"This storm will be magnificent!" Henry shouts. "All the electrical secrets of Heaven . . . and this time we're ready! Eh, Fritz! *Ready!*"

Suddenly he hears a gasping noise behind him and, surprised, turns. "What's the matter?"

"Look!" grunts Fritz, pointing to the operating table. A pallid, gray-green & inanimate hand hangs limply over the side of the table, having fallen from beneath the sheet.

Smiling, Henry reassures him. "There's nothing to fear. Look—no blood, no decay . . . just a few stitches." He pulls the sheets back father, revealing the massive head swathed in bandages. "And look—here's the final touch: the brain *you* stole, Fritz. Think of it! The brain of a dead man . . . waiting to live again in a body I made! With my own hands—my own hands . . . Let's have one final test! Throw the switches!"

Henry covers the head once more and he & Fritz assume their positions at various instrument panels. The two turn dials, push buttons & yank levers and the machines suddenly come to animated life, crackling & flashing momentarily. An electrolytic flame rises along a coil within a cylinder of glass. An arc of bluish light crackles to & fro thru a suspended transparent sphere. And a spiral streak of energy winds itself, serpent-like, about a sparkling cathode. Henry sees that everything is seemingly in order, satisfactorily prepared for the experiment—the final, ultimate experiment . . .

Fritz cuts the power off and once again only the rolling thunder is intermingled with the silence. Henry mutters excitedly:

"Good! In 15 minutes the storm should be at its height. Then we'll be ready . . .!"

Chapter 8
UNWELCOME VISITORS

But Henry's plans are premature. For the moment his dreams are annihilated by the reverberatons of a hollow knocking sound from the door downstairs.

"What's that?" Henry barks.

Fritz replies, "There's someone there!"

The booming continues. "Quiet!" shrieks Henry. "Send them away! Nobody must come here!" He gives Fritz a lantern, goading him down to the stairway, but suddenly he careens him around toward the operating table. "Here!—cover this!" The two yank the sheet up over the pale figure and Henry again sends Fritz to the stairway. "Whoever it is, don't let them in!"

All the way from France, and direct from the screen, this "candid" shot of the Karloffrankenstein.

"Leave 'em to me," Fritz grins broadly, turning to hobble down the tortuosly winding staircase. As he returns to his work, Henry mutters angrily to himself: "Of all the times for anybody to come!"

Fritz scampers hurriedly down the broken steps while the irritating knocking continues to resound. "You think I like it? Not much!" he growls to himself. "I'll show 'em a thing about it at this time of night! Got too much to do!"

Once more the knock echoes thru the tower.

"Can't be bothered!" he swears. "Wait a minute! All right, all right! Wait a minute!"

Fritz finally reaches the ground floor and opens a tiny window in the door. Thru the barred opening he sees Waldman, Elizabeth & Victor, standing outside in the storm. Their coats are huddled about them and torrents of rain beat down on them.

"Dr. Waldman's here—" Victor begins, but without even as much as listening to what he says, Fritz spits: "You can't see him! Go away!" With that, he slams the window shut in their faces.

Fritz, balancing himself with his rod, returns to the laboratory, still muttering to himself. "All right—knock! You can't get in!"

The group, finding their efforts at knocking futile, moves back from the door. They stand out in front of the tower and call up to the window of the laboratory, in which lights flicker & flash in a dazzling assemblage.

"Henry!" Victor shouts.

Waldman shouts after him: "Frankenstein!"

"Henry!"

Chaney's masterpiece was Eric the Phantom; Karloff's—you see it here.

"Frankenstein!"

Annoyed, Henry finally goes to the window, peering out into the murky blackness of the fitful storm.

"Open the door!" calls Elizabeth.

"Let us in!" Waldman cries.

Henry, however, cannot see who is shouting. "Who is it? Who is it? What do you want? You must leave me alone now!"

"It's Elizabeth! Open the door!"

Henry realizes that the unwelcome visitors warrant special attention. He & Fritz reluctantly trudge downstairs to answer them. Henry yanks open the little window and immediately is greeted by a chorus of voices:

"Henry!" cries Elizabeth.

"Frankenstein!" Waldman demands.

Victor joins in: "Henry!"

But Henry is only more annoyed. *"What do you want?"*

"Open the door!" Victor demands, and Elizabeth pleads, "Let us in!"

Henry, leading the way, is followed by the three up the baroque stairway to the door of the laboratory where Henry hesitates. He turns to the others.

"Are you quite sure you want to come in?"

The question is answered by their nods and grimly—somewhat vengefully, altho with a note of resignation—he replies, "Very well." He hurls open the door and one by one they all file into the bizarre environment of Henry Frankenstein. However, before they can even protest, Henry has locked the door from the inside and slipped the key securely into his pocket. Turning, he sees their bewildered expressions, so he answers the unasked inquiry.

"Forgive me," he explains, "but I am forced to take unusual precautions. Sit down, please."

The trio is reluctant to follow his suggestion. Henry's fiery look singles out Victor in particular.

"Sit *down!*" he hisses.

Victor outright startled by the vicious command, eases himself down onto the convenient cot. Henry then turns to instruct Elizabeth to do the same but in a less fearful tone of voice:

"You, too, Elizabeth. Please."

She seats herself but Henry fails to notice that Waldman is not numbered among the congregation: He has wandered away into the interior of the laboratory. Unobserved, Waldman is standing over the carefully-wrapped body on the operating table, regarding it with a mental outpour of questions. He reaches toward it, preparing to take a closer, more rewarding look at the lifeless body.

Meanwhile, Henry informs the others: "A moment ago you said I was crazy. Tomorrow, we'll see about that!"

The fiendish moron Fritz catches sight of Waldman. *"Don't touch that!"* he shrieks with an outburst of animalistic passion.

The lightning flashes and the thunder roars.

Henry wheels about and rushes to the aged doctor, who slowly rises from inspecting the inert corpse, and he silently but meaningfully points to the remaining chair. He stares with blazing countenance at Waldman.

"I'm sorry, Doctor," Henry mutters, leading him to the chair "but I insist. *Please.*"

Waldman contemplates Henry's change since the University days and then sits down quietly, without objection. He is instantly hurled a semi-arrogant refutation of his theories by Henry:

That Fritz just won't give up on the monster, will he? Well, he won't last till the end of the pitcure *that* way!

"Dr. Waldman, I learned a great deal from you at the University—about the violet ray, the ultra-violet ray, which you said is the highest color in the spectrum." Eyes glowing, Henry bends closer to him, almost whispering. "You were *wrong*. Here in this machinery I have gone beyond that. *I have discovered the great ray that first brought life into the world . . .*"

Waldman is but mildly impressed for he has come to believe that Henry is unbalanced. As do all men of science he asks for more information. "Oh—and your proof?"

"Tonight you shall *have* your proof," he replies. "At first I experimented only with dead animals . . . and then, a human heart, which I kept beating for 3 weeks. But now—I am going to turn that ray on that . . . body—" He points to the motionless form. "*—and endow it with life!*"

As Henry stands and points toward the covered figure, Victor & Elizabeth appear just as confused as they feel but Waldman still is reluctant to accept his explanation—to step across the eternal boundary between Science & the Supernatural.

"And you really believe," says he, taunting, "that you can bring life to the dead?"

Henry corrects him sharply. "That body is not dead; it has never *lived*. *I* created it—I made it with my own hands from the bodies I took from the graves the gallows, *anywhere!* Go and see for yourself." He rises and turns to Victor & Elizabeth. "You, too."

Calmly, Waldman gets up, walking to the operating table in the other corner of the room and he silently peers at the unmoving patchwork of corpses, sewed together into a single being. Victor & Elizabeth remain in their seats, too terrified to rise. Without a word of any sort—except for a nodding, "Yes, yes"—Waldman returns to his seat once more. Henry is somewhat amused by the group's reaction.

Henry stands before the corpselike creation, leaning back against the operating table, and he looks up at the ceiling, his eyes sparkling wildly.

"Quite a good scene, isn't it? he muses. "—One man . . . *crazy, three* very sane spec*ta*tors!"

Doctor Waldman, Elizabeth & Henry stare at Victor in horror. What do his words portend? Can he be serious, can he really intend to infuse life into that thing lying supine beneath the sheet?

"These hands, Dr. Waldman—these hands have created life!"

Chapter 9
CAULDRON OF CREATION

The storm outside is mounting swiftly toward its peak. Henry & Fritz uncover the body, revealing a massive form tightly clad in swatches of gauze and strapped to the table by several metal shackles. Then the dwarfed Fritz reassumes his position on the tower, while Henry mans the instrument panels. The thunder rolls & panels and the lightning glows thru the skylight, illuminating Henry's face. Waldman, Elizabeth & Victor look on as the infinity of dials, lights & devices leap to life, clicking whirring buzzing blinking flashing & humming—creating a miniature chaos within the laboratory. The lightning crackles thru the black-shrouded heavens and as it forks across the sky like an adder's tongue, Henry knifes a switch and turns another dial. The egg-shaped sphere over the table begins to flash and sparks of electrical flame leap to & fro within it. Slowly, with extreme caution, the operating table platform is levitated toward the ceiling by the chains suspending it. It ascends to the skylight of the tower, where Fritz adjusts it into place, easing it into position on the ramparts. Beneath the fleeting, swiftly disappearing streaks of white fire, the unique corpse lies, waiting to be granted the kiss of life by one of the abundant tongues of electricity.

Waldman blinks from the chaos of the elements. Victor & Elizabeth huddle together for safety. The thunder roars, echoing thru the dismal clouds. Henry grins demoniacally and Fritz cackles satanically.

Fateful moments pass as everyone waits breathlessly, and at long last the platform is lowered again to the floor of the laboratory. Henry deactivates the instruments. As the noise fades and stark, long loud silence takes possession, Henry & his "guests" rush forward to the bandaged being. Another moment of breathless silence ensues before Henry sees that success is assured—

One of the sepulchral thread-stitched hands—hanging over the side of the table—moves feebly, clutching the empty air. The arm rises after it.

Henry is elated. A single motion has hurled him into the ecstasy that only gods can experience. *His creation is alive!* The mortal hands of Dr. Henry Frankenstein have accomplished that which hitherto only God had done . . . *brought life to a corpse!*

"Look!—it's moving!" Henry screams, peering at the quivering hand closely, rising higher with its every motion. "It's alive! It's moving! It's alive!" He now shouts the news to Fritz—even beyond Fritz, to Heaven itself, as if in defiance of the Almighty. "Oh, it's alive! It's alive!" With each utterance of the astounding facts, Henry becomes more & more hysterical and begins to gain an insane gleam in his glassy eyes. Victor & the others hurry to his side, as he screams again:

"IT'S ALIVE!" And then utters the later censored "blasphemy" (in 1931): "In the name of God, now I know what is feels like to be God!"

Chapter 10
FRANKENSTEIN'S FATHER FROWNS

Baron Frankenstein *(Frederick Kerr)*—Henry's aging father—paces the floor nervously in his abode. Victor & Elizabeth sit, calming him & his doubts about his son's absence.

"Henry is well," Victor assures him, "but he's very busy. He said he'd get in touch with you soon."

"Don't worry about him, Baron. He'll be home in a few days," Elizabeth adds.

"You two have it all arranged, haven't ye?" the Baron jeers, still traversing the rugs in his ancestal domain. "You think I'm an idiot, don't you? But I'm *not!* Anyone can see with half an eye there's something wrong and I've *two* eyes—and pretty good ones at that! Well, what is it?"

Victor tries to convince him (unsuccessfully) that all is well altho he himself knows that in reality it is not. "You're quite mistaken, Baron."

"What's the matter with my son?" the Baron demands, shaking his cane at the two. "What's he doing?"

"He's completing his experiments, that's all," volunteers Elizabeth.

"Why does he go messing about a ruined old windmill when he has a decent house, a bath, good food & drink & a darn pretty girl to come back to?" He snorts. "Will you tell me *that?*"

Elizabeth says, "Baron, you don't understand."

The Baron retorts with a snort: "And how do you know, hmm?"

Just then the aging Baron's servant enters the room, interrupting the conversation to announce a visitor.

"If you please, Herr Baron," she says. "The Burgomeister—"

He snaps, "Well—tell him to go away!"

"But he says it's important . . ."

Unknown to the Baron the beefy, white-headed Vogel *(Lionel Belmore)*—serving his duty as the village Burgomeister—stands in the doorway, listening to the blunt exchange.

The Baron, his back to Vogel, grunts: "Nothing the Burgomeister can say can be of the slightest importance."

Smiling somewhat wryly at the old man's haughtiness, Vogel steps into the room as if nothing had been overheard. He bows, the fuzzy tufts of hair above his temples making him look like an absentminded professor.

"Good day," Vogel says, "Herr Baron—Fraulein."

The Baron turns to face him. "Well, what do you want? If it's trouble, go away. I've trouble

The monster in chains.

Fritz the tormenter.

The flower child meets Frankenstein.

The lurker in the woods.

enough."

"Oh, there's no *trouble*, Sir," he replies.

"What do you mean, 'no trouble'?" he snarls. "There's nothing *but* trouble!"

"Well—what I really want to know is, when will the wedding be, if you please?"

The Baron is barking again. "Unless Henry comes to his senses, there'll be no wedding at all!"

"But Herr Baron, the village is already prepared . . .!"

"Well, tell them to *un*-prepare!"

Finding that everything else has failed, Vogel tries to persuade the old man with flattery. "Oh, but such a lovely bride, such a fine young man—the very image of his father . . ."

"Heaven forbid."

"But, Sir, everything is ready!"

"I know that! Don't keep on saying so, you idiot!"

Elizabeth is apparently about to burst into tears and the distraught Baron tries to calm her. "Now, now, now!—There's nothing to cry about!"

Finally Vogel resigns himself to defeat. "Good day, Fraulein."

"Good day, *Herr Vogel!*" the Baron snaps.

He nods stiffly to the Baron and says, "Good day, *Herr Baron!*"

Angry but helpless, Vogel storms out. The Baron, relieved, mutters inaudible curses on the departed Burgomeister.

Filmclip Foto of Frankenstein Monster.

"Good riddance to ye! There you are!—You see how it is! The whole village is kept waiting, the bride is kept waiting, and *I*—" He thumps his chest angrily. "—I am kept waiting! Henry must come home, if I have to fetch him myself!"

"No, no, Baron!" Victor mutters excitedly, rising in protest.

"What do you mean, 'No, no'?"

"What about his work?"

"Stuff & nonsense! What about his wedding? There *is* another woman . . . and I am going to find her!"

Chapter 11
BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF HORROR

Waldman paces to & fro confusedly in the laboratory, in sharp contrast to Henry, who sits quietly nearby, his feet propped up on a desk.

"Oh, come and sit down, Doctor!" Henry says. "You must be patient. Do you expect perfection at once?"

Waldman is disturbed. "This creature of yours should be kept under guard! Mark my words, he will prove dangerous!"

"Dangerous?" Henry laughs. "Poor old Waldman!" As the Doctor sits down opposite him, Henry leans forward, calmly querying: "Have you never wanted to do anything that was dangerous? Where should we be if no one ever wanted to find

Filmclip Foto of the "late" Fritz (Frye).

out what lies Beyond? Have you never wanted to look beyond the clouds & the stars, wanted to know what causes trees to grow and what changes darkness to light? But if you talk like that, people call you crazy. Well—if I could discover just one of these things—what Eternity is, for example—I wouldn't care if they *did* think I was crazy!"

Waldman frowns. "You're young, my friend. Your success is intoxicating you. Wake up and look facts in the face. Here we have a fiend whose brain—"

Henry leans back again. "His brain must be given *time* to develop. It's a perfectly good brain, Doctor." He smiles. "Well—you ought to know: it came from your own laboratory . . ."

"The brain that was stolen from *my* laboratory was a *criminal brain!*"

Henry's eyes widen in amazement. He looks aside at Fritz, then resumes his former calmness. Apparently he believes that this will have no bearing on the situation. "Oh, well . . . after all, it's only a piece of dead tissue."

"Only evil can come of it," Waldman prophesies. "Your health will be ruined if you persist in this madness!"

Henry stares back at him with eyes that reveal the near-absurdity of his own opinion: "I'm *astonishingly* sane, Doctor."

"You have created a monster and it will destroy you!"

"Patience, patience! I believe in this . . .'monster', as you call it, and if *you* don't,well—you must leave me alone."

Waldman is trying desperately to convince Henry to abandon—to destroy—his already-living creation but Henry is obstinate.

"Think of Elizabeth—your father!" he reminds.

"Elizabeth believes in me. My father—well, he never believes in anyone. I've got to experiment further. He's only a few days old, remember. So far, he's been kept in complete darkness . . . and wait till I bring him into the light!"

Outside the room, heavy footsteps are heard. They resound with a hollow thump, each following the other after a suspenseful interval. The noise comes closer, closer—now only feet away . . .

"Here he comes," Henry announces hesitatingly. "Let's turn off the light."

Waldman & Henry blow out the candles and turn the lights off, sealing off the brightness to which the Creation is unaccustomed. The footsteps cease. The creaking boards outside the door can be heard. The door squeaks, opening slowly, inch by inch, and now the heavy door yawns, revealing a huge, 7-foot-tall form clad all in black tattered attire. Gropingly it backs into the laboratory thru the doorway and hauntingly it turns—

Behold!

The gorgon-faced gargoyle made in the image of Man! The travesty of humanity that projects evil . . . ugliness . . . horror incarnate!

The Monster *(Boris Karloff)* peers dumbly into the room with darkly underscored eyes that sear Waldman's brain, leaving an indelible impression. It will be 13 days after Eternity when he cannot remember the pallid, cadaverous gray-green face & the stitched hands, hanging limply at the Monster's sides; the overhanging forehead & brow, shadowing the dull glazed eyes over which deformed eyelids hang with shuddersome imperfection; the gleaming electrodes on his neck; the deep gash exposed below the snakelike "bangs" formed from his matted black hair; the rotted teeth that hide behind the thin bloodless lips, and the lower jaw, jutted outward in a confused snarl; the sunken cheeks on each side of the broad putty-like nose; and the glistening metallic strips that connect the Monster's scalp to the forehead, containing the hate-throbbing brain of a revived criminal.

The Monster!!!

Looking more like he was created in the image of Satan than that of Man, the Monster places his hands against the wall & door, and the stitches wind with serpentine precision across his wrists. A silver strip extends up his forearm, anchoring the transplanted hands to the arms.

As the Monster's massive, thick-soled shoes shuffle on the oaken floor of the laboratory, thru the inspiring terror one can see that not withstanding his vicious visage & the nature that might be thought to accompany it, there appears another slightly elusive, almost pathetic impression—that of awe & confusion. Having the gaze—altho *most* certainly not the features—of a new-born infant, the Monster cannot fully comprehend his existence, his being there in the old mill. He looks hesitantly at Waldman & Henry.

Leaving Waldman seated nearby, Henry goes to the Monster, motioning for him to enter. "Come in. Come . . . in."

He is careful to employ a calm tone of voice, so as not to invoke fear or fury from his creation. The Monster lumbers into the room with nervous obedience.

Henry continues his instructions: "Sit down." He pushes the Monster gently toward a large chair. "Sit . . . down."

The Monster carefully seats himself in the convenient chair. Henry expresses almost no excitement, quite the opposite of the earlier episode, and turns to convey his success to Waldman, who is by now aghast.

"You see—it understands!"

Chapter 12
DEFEATED BY LIGHT

"Watch!"

Henry crosses to the wall, hurriedly rotating a dial, and the skylight is thrown open. The solar rays burst thru the bars with a miniature, silent explosion, which hurls its glow splatteringly upon the stone interior. Enthralled & entranced, the Monster slowly turns his face toward the light and, looking up, he rises from the chair and takes a few groping steps forward toward the wall. He hungrily stretches out his arms toward that evasive substance, that intangible element that he recalls vaguely in the depths of his clouded mind. He clutches up at it but finds that it slips thru his fingers. He again sees the familiar light in his mind's eye, flashing, flashing—

The lightning!

That which brought him life, new life! He strains his arms in another attempt to seize it but again it escapes his grasp. Naked confusion rises to his face, and he grunts angrily. He roars with an almost inaudible snarl at his failure. There the invincible Monster stands . . . defeated by light.

Henry approaches the Monster during his silent frenzy and Waldman recognizes the potential dan-

The bride & the beastman. The bride wore screams!

FRANKENSTEIN
THE MAN WHO MADE A MONSTER
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ger. "Take care, Herr Frankenstein! Take care!"

The possible peril has also occurred to Henry "Shut off the light!"

Waldman quickly closes the skylight and the light disappears along with the Monster's increasing anger.

"Sit down!" says Henry. "Go and sit down!"

Reluctantly the Monster resumes his seat, and he murmuringly motions to the skylight, feebly yawping and trying to pantomime the description of the light. Henry recognizes this attempt and babbles enthusiastically:

"He understands this time! It's wonderful!"

But the presence of pride & happiness is replaced by the unexpected entrance of Fritz, who dashes in savagely & vehemently with a flaming torch, screaming: "Frankenstein! Frankenstein! Where is it?"

At that moment, the Monster sees the burning brand and leaps up in fear, cringing from the flames, and in so doing overturns the chair. Fritz emits a bestial gurgling gasp while the Monster begins to growl & grunt hysterically. Fearfully he strikes out at Fritz & his torch—and the dread new fire, with which this is his first terrifying encounter.

Since his birth—or rather, *re*birth—the Monster has been faced with an onslaught of fantastic new forms: first electricity & lightning, then light and now—fire.

"Quiet, you fool!" Henry shouts at the miniature moron. "Get away with that torch!"

The spluttering Fritz, however, remains and viciously taunts the Monster with that which he fears. Finally the Monster growls with hate and attacks Fritz, who scurries away at last. Instantly, Henry & Waldman leap after the death-bent creature and the aged doctor strikes him on the head with a cane, finally subduing him after a considerable scuffle. They pin the Monster to the floor and find they must keep their entire weight on the monstrous creation in order to keep him from rising and destroying them all. Henry has discovered that what he has created is indeed a Monster.

"Fetch the rope, quick!" Henry orders Fritz. "Get him to the cellar!"

But Fritz, terrified, is paralyzed. "Shoot him! He's a monster!"

Eventually Henry gets the rope and as the fiendish Fritz stands over, gripping one end of the rope, Waldman & Henry bind the Monster.

Chapter 13
THE ORGY OF TORTURE

All is dark & shadowy, lighted only by the small barred window in one end of the room. The Monster has been chained to the stone wall in the cellar. On the wall are two large metal rings used for securing prisoners—in this case the inhuman creation of Henry Frankenstein—, and nearby is a makeshift piece of furniture, hastily constructed. A strong steel chain connects the two shackles on the Monster's wrists, in turn anchored to the metal rings on the wall.

The Monster is silent, albeit somewhat angered & bewildered, but then the sadistic hunchback enters. As it is with his every appearance, it seems as tho the very atmosphere is transformed. With the instincts of an animal sensing danger, the Monster screams and yanks his bonds, de perately

The maker meets his creation under unhappy circumstances.

trying to break free and halt Fritz' unending torture.

Fritz, bearing whip & torch, approaches him and mocks him mercilessly with the torch. The Monster cries out in horror. Fritz, irritated by his screams, shrieks back, commanding him to be silent, and finally he takes to beating the Monster with his whip, lashing out and sending him into spasms of agony with every stroke of the sleek serpentine scourge.

Tiring finally of this diversion, he again resorts to more cruel, fiendish torture. Wielding the torch, Fritz shoves the flames closer & closer to the Monster's face, chattering & laughing satanically at his fear as the Monster sinks down upon the floor, withdrawing from the heat. As the Monster sprawls on the stone interior, lifting up a hand to thwart the torch, Fritz crouches down and waves the fire to & fro before the helpless creature's face.

The Monster groans, roaring & snarling at his tormentor, and his wailing cries seem to shake the very walls, the growls reverberating thru each & every stone.

"Quiet!" snarls Fritz, slavering like a mad dog. "Quiet!"

Suddenly, summoned by the uproar, Henry rushes into the chamber to witness the orgy of torture. He demands the torch.

"Come away, Fritz!" he says. "You'll have the whole countryside down us! Get away and come upstairs! Here!—give me that torch!"

The demented dwarf refuses to surrender the flaming brand and once more he lunges at the Monster. The Monster vainly tries to snap his bonds, frantically clawing (unsuccessfully) at Fritz, who frustratingly leaps out of his reach. "Help!"

Henry is horrified. "Oh, come away! Come away, Fritz!" He rubs his aching temples. "Leave it alone! *Leave it alone!*"

Chapter 14
FRITZ GOES TOO FAR

As the sun begins to sink from its zenith, and the mill at last becomes silent, Waldman & Henry are poring thru the pages of some antiquated tomes. Without warning—

The two are frozen by a scream more blood-curdling than they had ever heard. It continues for a brief moment, during which Waldman & Henry stand agape.

"What's that?" Henry gasps.

He hurries to the door, throwing it open. The scream is repeated but this time it ends in an instant of gurgling . . . then silence. Now it dawns upon Henry. "It's *Fritz!* Come on, Doctor! Quick! Hurry!"

They dash down the broad stone stairway—the distorted, dank stairway, winding in Caligarian mazes to the front door—a monstrous monolithic wall stretching irregularly skyward at each side. They quickly hurl open the door to the cellar chamber . . .

Fritz swings back & forth limply before them, hanged by the neck from the rafters overhead, and the grim black shadow emphasizes the speechless horror. The Monster is still clutching the corpse, crushing the already dead fiend with his superhuman grip. The Monster had obviously broken his bond, freeing himself and leaping across all the barriers that hindered him from stopping Fritz's torment—permanently.

Henry is aghast, eyes widened by the appalling sight; nevertheless, he steps haltingly toward the Monster & Fritz. The Monster glances aside at him, his mouth twisted in an unearthly growl, and bellows as if in warning.

Henry halts and moves back.

Suddenly the Monster dashes forward.

Henry flees from the chamber, closing the door

Grrrrr! Raouwwww!

heavily, but the Monster—not quite fast enough to burst thru—is caught between the door & the wall. Waldman & Henry strain with every last ounce of their strength, trying to prevent the Monster's escape; and as they heave against the Monster's resistance, he is locked firmly in the uncomfortable position he has stumbled into.

Finally the Monster, screaming & howling insanely, is forced back into the room and the door is locked securely.

The satanic creation rains his fists savagely on the door, unsatisfied with simple revenge. He still cries out for compensation for his timeless hours of torture. As all hunters know, once a ferocious creature of the jungle has tasted the sweetness of blood, it will kill & kill & kill again—until it itself is killed.

"He hated Fritz," murmurs Henry, trembling fearfully. "Fritz always tormented him!"

Waldman is less disturbed, and as he turns to face Henry, he sees that he is becoming extremely agitated. "Come—pull yourself together!"

Henry is finally worried. He stands outside the door—upon which the fists of his creation still beat—and realizes that, altho the Monster was endowed with human characteristics, his soul is that of Satan.

"What can we do?" he asks.

"Kill it!—as you would any savage animal," advises the ever-shrewd Waldman. "We must overpower him first. Get me a hypodermic needle!"

Henry gasps. "It's murder!" Being the Monster's creator, he cannot conceive destroying that which he himself brought into existence.

"It's our only chance. In a few minutes he'll be thru that door! Come! Quick! Hurry!"

Henry rushes upstairs to the laboratory and after a brief moment or so returns hustling down the winding stone steps. Henry wields a large hypodermic needle, containing a powerful, fast-acting sleep drug.

"Got it?" Waldman inquires.

"Yes!" He hands it to the wizened doctor. "Here it is—it's very strong! Half grains & roots!"

"Good! Now, then—you stand there." Waldman points to a position near the door and Henry immediately seizes a torch from the wall and assumes his station. "When he goes toward you, I will make the injection in his back!" Waldman readies the hypodermic needle, standing at the other side of the door. Both tensely prepare themselbes for the crucial assault and Henry anxiously clutches the door.

"Ready?"

Waldman pauses, swallows and finally replies, "Yes!"

Henry opens the door. The Monster, somewhat suspicious of this all-too-sudden act, moves slowly from the doorway, eyeing the two dark forms on both sides of the door. He starts to dash forward.

Henry anticipates his move and holds the torch at the Monster's face. The Monster steps back cautiously, as Henry growls: "Stay back! Back!" The Monster looks at Henry, who retreats a few feet, and then at the other "visitor"—Waldman. Unexpectedly, the Monster attacks the aged doctor. Henry confronts him with the torch again but the Monster only grunts and strikes out at the flames.

The Monster continues to choke Waldman, who tries vainly to halt the furious creature in order to make the injection, but he is obviously no match for his titanic weight. Waldman is hurled to the floor.

As he dodges the onrushing Monster, Henry leaps across the room and grasps the hypodermic needle from Waldman's hand. He attacks the Monster and finally manages to inject the serum into the back of his neck. He leaps back out of range, as the massive creature staggers forward, moaning helplessly. The potency of the drug was not underestimated. The Monster is struggling to keep himself upright, awake, but the battle is already half lost. Drowsily, he strikes out at Henry, and the room spins around him. He topples forward, unconscious.

Chapter 15
THE CREATOR COLLAPSES

The sound of someone knocking on the front door echoes thru the ancient halls.

Henry momentarily ignores the knock to see if Waldman is all right. "Dr. Waldman! Dr. Waldman! Are you hurt?"

Waldman, weak but not injured, lifts his head up and laboriously rises to his feet and dusts off his long coat. "No, no—I'm all right. It's nothing. See who's at the door!"

Henry rushes to the door as the knocking continues and, opening the tiny barred window, he recognizes the face of Victor.

The Frankenstein Monster contemplates his destiny.

"What's happening here?" Victor demands. "Elizabeth & your father are coming up the hill to see you!"

Henry opens the door nervously and Victor enters. Waldman enters the scene, contending, "You must keep them out!"

Victor shakes his head. "Too late!"

Suddenly he is confronted by the sight of the Monster, lying on the stone floor in a drug-induced stupor. He is astounded. Waldman fears that the Baron may arrive before they have concealed Henry's bloodthirsty creation, and he points to the Monster.

"He must not see *that!*" Waldman cautions. "Here, quickly! Lend me a hand! Quickly!"

Victor, as if in a trance, willingly gives Waldman & Henry his able assistance and together the three carry the Monster's huge bulk back into the cellar chamber. As they set the dormant creature down against the wall, Waldman notices something that Henry has overlooked:

"Henry, better hurry upstairs and get that blood off your feet before your father & Elizabeth get here."

He glances down at his shoes, sees the scarlet stains and he abruptly races up the staircase to the laboratory.

Meanwhile, outside, Elizabeth & the Baron are approaching the old mill-tower. The Baron shakes his head in disappointment at the appearance of the structure.

"Well!" he grumbles. "A pretty sort of place for my son to be in, I must say!" They stand near the entrance and the Baron views the rotting door with little less than disgust. "Is that the front door?"

"Yes—this is it," replies Elizabeth.

"Well, I don't like it, but...here goes, I suppose."

The Baron knocks heavily on the door but the sound resounds hollowly, unanswered, thru the structure.

"There doesn't seem to be anyone in the place!" he mutters.

The old man knocks once again, scraping the door with his cane, but this time Victor answers their call. He opens the door and Elizabeth & the Baron step into the mill. The Baron gazes around at his son's strange environment.

"What an insane place!" he exclaims. Looking around the room, he sees the flaming torch on the floor nearby, where the battle had been fought moments before. He protests: "What are you trying to do—burn the place down?"

Victor blanches & laughs nervously, uncertain how to answer the Baron. Burn the place down? The words will eventually prove prophetic.

FRANKEN

CONCLUSION

Final Episode of the Exciting Filmbook Based on the Classic Picture that made BORIS KARLOFF a Legend

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

The Monster is Alive!

And it has just killed Fritz, Dr. Frankenstein's assistant. In a final effort to keep the monster under control Dr. Waldman and Dr. Frankenstein struggle with the new creation, attempting to drug it.

They have just succeeded when Elizabeth (Victor's bride-to-be) and Victor's father appear at the door.

"He must not see the monster!" Waldman cautions.

NOW ON WITH THE STORY . . .

The Graveyard—bithplace of horror to come! Where the story of Frankenstein begins! . . .

Chapter 15
THE CREATOR COLLAPSES

"What's that?" the Baron asks. "Well, what's the matter with you? You look as tho you'd been kicked by a horse! Where's Henry?"

Victor stutters, "Why—"

"Well?"

"He can't be disturbed just now."

"Oh, can't he?" jeers the old man. "I'll soon settle that nonsense!"

"Victor—where is he?" Elizabeth queries.

The Baron is becoming irritated. "This place seems to drive everybody crazy!" He hears a noise behind him, on the stairs. "Good heavens! What's that?"

He turns to see Waldman entering the room.

"I—I beg your pardon. I am Dr. Waldman."

The Baron smirks, "Oh, are ye? I'm Baron Frankenstein. Perhaps—perhaps you know what all this tommyrot is about? I'll be shot if *I* do!"

"I would advise you to take Henry away from this place at once!" Waldman urges.

"What d'ye suppose I'm here for? Pleasure? Ha! Well, where are you, my dear?" The Baron turns around, looking for Elizabeth, and soon he finds her. "Oh—there you are! Well let's go see what's up all those stairs. I don't know how the Deuce I'm going to get up 'em . . ."

Elizabeth & the Baron begin the difficult ascent of the stone-gray steps, she helping her afflicted father-in-law-to-be and he mumbling to himself. Victor starts to follow behind them but Waldman places his hand on his shoulder, halting him.

"Leave them alone," Waldman advises.

Presently the two reach the head of the stairs and Elizabeth goes to the laboratory door. She taps on it lightly. From inside, Henry's voice is heard: "Come in."

The distraught tone of voice is discernable. Elizabeth opens the door and enters slowly. Henry, turns to face her, a strange look on his face.

"Henry—" she mumbles.

He rushes toward her. "Elizabeth!" Henry collapses from the compounded worry, which Elizabeth's arrival has aggravated; and as he falls on his face in a few feet before her, Elizabeth gasps and scurries in. The Baron hobbles behind her.

"Henry!" she cries. "Victor! Dr. Waldman! Come quickly! My dear—what have they done to you?"

Victor & Waldman hurry in to see Henry unconscious in Elizabeth's arms. Henry groans: "Oh, it's all my fault . . ." The Baron takes command of the situation, joining with the others to carry his son over to the cot.

The Baron shouts, "You got any old brandy?" Waldman nods. "Quick, quick, quick, quick!"

Waldman hurries away and fetches the decanter and is about to place the spout at Henry's lips when the Baron yanks it away sharply. "Here!" he snorts. "I'll do that!" The Baron tilts it to Henry's mouth and he swallows it voraciously. "Now, drink . . . drink this . . . There, there—that's better! I'm going to take you home with me, Henry."

Henry's eyes flicker open weakly and he mumbles, "No—I can't! My work! What will happen to the records of my experiments?"

"We will preserve them," Waldman volunteers.

Henry gulps, "And . . . *he* . . ."

"I will see that he is painlessly destroyed."

He looks up at Waldman insecurely.

"Yes, yes," Waldman reassures. "Leave it all to me."

"Poor Fritz!" Henry groans. He sinks back into the darkness of sleep. "All my fault . . . Ohh—"

Elizabeth wails: "Dear Henry! You can't do any more now! You must come home until you get well again. You'll soon feel better—" She looks uncomfortably around at the accursed mill. "—when you get out of *here*."

Chapter 16
DISSECTION DEFERRED

Waldman remains in the watch tower to dispose of the Monster. He places the gigantic creature upon the operating table in the laboratory and begins his attempt to annihilate the Monster; however, he cannot bring himself to destroy it unless the method used is without suffering, even tho he who might be affected thusly is without a double inhuman—or rather, *super*human . . .

Instead, he places the Monster in a scientifically induced coma until a satisfactory method of destruction can be discovered. After a long period of meditation he arrives at the proper solution: dissection. The Monster must be taken apart, just as he was created—piece by piece. He goes to a nearby desk, making an entry in Henry's journal:

Wednesday, 7:30 *pm*

Increased resistence is necessitating stronger and more frequent injections. However, will perform the dissection.

He closes the book and turns to the instrument pan beside the table. He gathers together the scalpel, forceps & scissors, placing them on the operating table. He begins to work on the sheet-clad figure, uncovering the Monster's chest. It is imperative that he first stop the action of the heart.

Unseen and totally unexpected, the Monster's hand rises up slowly behind Waldman and graps the doctor's neck. The Monster rises up on the operating table, crushing Waldman's neck with both hands. Waldman gurgles, struggling to free himself—but in vain. A tiny, almost unheard snapping noise is heard, and Waldman falls to the floor —dead.

With omnipotent magnificence and an aura of everpresent evil, the Monster lifts himself from the table and stumbles out of the room. Rambling down the hall, he looks about with awe & anger as he searches frantically for an exit. He finds one door but it is locked and leads only to another room. At last, he comes upon the door to the outside—to freedom. He slams his ghastly fists upon the already-rotting wood, crashing it open and he shambles out thru the door . . .

The Monster is alive and well! Villagers Beware!

Dr. Frankenstein awaits a seemingly certain death at the hands of The Monster.

Chapter 17
SON OF FRANKENSTEIN

As if in total ignorance of the impending, inevitable disaster, the sparrows & hummingbirds chirp & twitter about the trees in the garden of Baron & Frankenstein. Beneath the pale blue sky, Henry & Elizabeth are sitting in the garden.

"It's like Heaven being with you again," he sighs.

She replies, "Heaven wasn't so far away all the time, you know."

"I know but I didn't realize it. My work! Those horrible days & nights! I Icouldn't think of anything else!"

"Henry—you're not to think of those things anymore. You promised."

"All right," he says. "Let's think about *us*. When will our wedding be?"

Elizabeth murmurs, "Let's make it soon."

"As soon as you like."

Before long, the Baron, Henry, Elizabeth, Victor & the friends of the family are gathered in the ancestral home. The now-jolly Baron stands in the parlor along with the others. On the table beside him is a transparent display case, containing the remnants of an old wedding cake—a large, red heart, in the center of which is the plastic figure of the bride & groom. Around the couple is a string of long-withered flowers.

The Baron steps over to the table, removing the glass cover from the case. "For three generations these orange blossoms have been worn at our weddings." He smiles at the crumbling corsage and places it on Henry's coat. "Your great-grandfather wore this, Henry. Looks as good as new now, eh?" he laughs. "And here—" The Baron turns and gives another carnation to Victor. "Here's one to make the best man look still better."

As the people about him flock around them, the old man chuckles at his joke and Victor grins. "Thanks, Sir."

The Baron hands a dully shining necklace to Henry, with the solemn words: "Thirty years ago I placed this on your mother's head, Henry. Today you'll make me very happy by doing the same for Elizabeth. And I hope—I hope in 30 years' time a youngster of yours will be carrying on the tradition. And now—now, how about a little drink, eh?" He lifts his glass aloft, saying: "Very good health —to the health of a son to the house of Frankenstein!"

They all raise their glasses for the toast and repeat: "A son to the house of Frankenstein!"

Victor goes out on the balcony and looks down at the teeming group dancing & skipping about thru the streets.

A good picture of the laboratory of Frankenstein, B.C. (Before Creation).

Chapter 18
THE FASCINATED FIEND

A few miles away the gaiety is nonexistent, for the hideous Monster, after having freshly slain Waldman, roams thru the forest. But it seems that Nature has provided a silent gaiety—that of the blooming bouquets & the most fancifully adorned trees of the newborn Spring. The birds are singing & flying about happily overhead. The sweetness of fresh air creeps shyly thru the forest until even Henry's evil creation senses it. Mistreated gy all he has seen, he gropes amidst the bushes and marvels at a new sensation—a new atmosphere—, of peace & quiet. The forest, the birds, the furry brown squirrels—Nature—are his friends.

Not far beyond lies the little shack of Hans Kramer *(Forrester Harvey)*, the woodsman. Hans is sawing a log for firewood in front of his door, while beside him his little daughter Maria *(Marilyn Harris)* fondles her kitten, which purrs and nestles about her.

Hans sets his saw aside and tosses on his hat. "You stay here, Maria. I'll go take a look at my traps, then we'll go to the village and have a grand time, eh?"

"You won't be long, Daddy?" she asks, cradling the kitten in her arms.

"Oh, no. If the townsfolk come, tell them I'll be back soon."

"Daddy, won't you stay and play with me a little while?"

"I'm too busy, darlin'," he replies. "You stay and play with the kitty, eh?"

"By, Daddy."

"Goodby! Be a good girl, now!" And Hans disappears in the distance as he walks along the moss-covered path.

Maria puts the kitten down, saying, "Come on, kitty!" She goes to the lake beside the shack, the kitten tagging along behind her, and she kneels down on the flower-clad bank. She picks a fragrant bouquet of the daisies that abound about her and smiles up at the sunlight that plays thru the sky.

Hidden in the bushes, the Monster watches with fascination. There is a being like those he had met, except that she is female and smaller. He finally decides to investigate more thoroughly. The Monster emerges from the brush and lumbers over to Maria.

As he stands before her, she glances up at his eerie face, squinting slightly from the sun. She gasps, lifting the flowers to her lips, but soon the surprise disappears and she goes to him, quite unafraid.

"Who are you?" he inquires in a tone of voice he had never before encountered. He stares dumbly at her. "I'm Maria. Will you play with me?"

The Monster views the angry crowd from the top of the old mill.

She takes his hand, leading him over to the lakeside, and he sinks heavily to his knees, sitting beside her. She smiles and he does likewise. He is at long last happy, for finally someone has been kind to him.

"Would you like one of my flowers?"

He grunts approvingly and she proffers a posie. With gentle care he takes the flower, holding the fragile blossom with unerring delicacy. Surprised & bewildered, he looks at little Maria, who grins happily at her new playmate. She sorts her flowers, sharing them with the Monster, and she playfully divides them:

"You have *those* and I'll have *these,*" she says. "I can make a boat."

She takes one of the dainty blossoms and tosses it out on the lake.

"See how mine floats?" she beams.

The Monster is delighted. Such lovely little things, these flowers, and they look even more beautiful when they float! Erupt, he throws petal after petal onto the water, grunting happily as he watches each unfolding flower bob about. This interlude continues until the Monster sees that he has no more flowers . . .

Chapter 19
The Censored Chapter:
THE FLOWER THAT SANK

The Monster glances quickly down at his empty hands. There are no more pretty flowers. He looks up at Maria. There *is* an equally pretty little girl. *Oh, how beautiful those little blossoms looked when they floated,* he recalls. *Would not a little girl look just as beautiful if* she *floated?*

He reaches forward, smiling, and he takes hold of Maria lightly, lifting her up. She giggles, thinking her new friend wants to play with her, but then she sees what is going to occur—

The Monster hurls her into the lake, she screams, and he looks on silently, blankly as she bobs up & down, finally sinking with a splash of blue sky & water. He is perplexed & distraught: Maria did not float. He grunts somewhat angrily and stalks away, confusion, playing havoc thru his mind. He takes another glance at the lake, still agitated from the little girl's submersion, and a twinge of remorse softens his cadaverous countenance.

Chapter 20
SOUND OF DOOM

A group of villagers frolic around Castle Frankenstein, dancing to the tempo made by clapping their hands on their knees. While inside the medieval manor, Elizabeth has donned her wedding gown. A bevy of beauteous bridesmaids swarm about her, incessantly bedecking her in preparation for The Big Day.

Henry arrives and Elizabeth rushes out into the hall to meet him. Henry holds her hand and looks lovingly at her.

"Henry . . ."

"Elizabeth!" he whispers. "Oh, how lovely you look! You shouldn't be here!"

She glances about nervously, then says, "I must see you for a minute!"

"Why?—What's the matter?"

Elizabeth returns to the room, turning uneasily to the bridesmaids. "Could you leave us for a moment?"

"Why—of course," one answers. They scurry away, somewhat bewildered.

Henry goes to Elizabeth and resumes the conversation: "Now, what is it?"

"I'm so glad you're safe!" she gasps, leaping into his arms.

"Safe?" he echoes. "Of course I'm safe! But you look worried—is anything wrong?"

"No, no—forget my foolishness." She seemingly is trying not to worry Henry more than is necessary. "It was just a mood. There's nothing the matter."

"Of course, there isn't!"

But then, once more, Elizabeth loses her composure. "Henry, I'm afraid—I'm terribly afraid! Where's Dr. Waldman? Why is he late for the wedding?"

"Oh, he's always late. He'll be here soon."

"Something is going to happen," she murmurs. "I can *feel* it. I can't get it out of my mind."

Henry reassures her: "You're just nervous—all the excitement & preparation."

"No. No—it isn't that. I've felt it all day," she contents, looking up strangely. "Something is coming between us! I know it! I know it!"

"Sit down and rest." He tries to calm her. "You look so tired!"

She sits down, reflecting, "If I could just do something to save us from it . . ."

"From . . . what, dear?" he inquires, swallowing hard. "From *what?*"

Elizabeth rises to her feet again. "I don't know. If I could just get it out of my mind! Oh, I'd die if I had to lose you now, Henry!"

"Lose me?" he laughs. "Why, I'll always be with you!"

"Will you, Henry? Are you sure? I love you so!"

"Sure. How beautiful you look!" he sighs.

Suddenly there is a knock at the door. Elizabeth, already quivering from fear, leaps back a little in surprise & terror. "Whats' that?" she babbles. "Whats' that?"

Victor excitedly bursts into the room. "Henry!—Dr. Waldman . . .!"

Henry scurries out the door after him and Elizabeth tries to follow but Henry returns to restrain her.

"Henry—don't leave me!" she pleads.

"No, darling—you stay here." With that, he closes & locks the door, leaving her imprisoned in the room.

"Henry! Henry!" she shrieks.

Henry senses—knows—that the Monster has all but left his life, and Victor adds to his frustration: "Dr. Waldman's been murdered in the tower!" Henry is paralyzed as Victor continues, "The Monster—he's been seen in the hills, terrorizing the whole countryside!"

Before Henry can inquire further, the stillness of the manor is disturbed by an interloper—a low but horrifying savage growl, issuing from above them.

"He's in the house!" stammers Henry. "He's upstairs!"

The two, soon joined by others in the house, pursue the sound thru the upper rooms of the Castle, hurling furniture & clothes aside and tossing everything helter-skelter onto the floor, in search of the Monster. But even after this much ado, nothing new is uncovered. They continue to search the rooms frantically until again the air is rent. The second growl resounds thru the chateau but seemingly from a different source.

Henry wheels about, stopping Victor. "In the cellars!"

Henry & Victor rush out of the room and dash down the stairway, still desperate. Apparently the Monster is trying to lead them on a wild goose chase, to conceal his true destination.

Chapter 21
THE BRIDE & THE BEAST

Elizabeth paces the floor in the room, upset by being locked in by her husband-to-be. She cannot understand his reason for doing so. She sits down on the cushions, clasping her bouquet of flowers tightly. Her vexation is mirrored in her eyes and her brows wrinkle with worry beneath her flaxen hair.

Behind her, unseen and silent as a smoke ghost, the Monster steals silently thru the open window into the room. He quietly advances toward Elizabeth, who sits with her back to him.

Standing directly behind her, the Monster extends his pale iron-hued hand, as if to touch her on the shoulder, but she senses him and leaps up, whirling about. She sees the deathly face of the Monster and emits a shrill scream.

She backs away in utter terror, dropping the flowers, and she tries to escape from the room—but the door is locked.

She retreats from the horrifying creation staring menacingly at her and rushes around the room, screaming, the Monster still pursuing her.

She recoils against the door and the Monster leans forward slightly, peering at her with the eyes of a madman.

Again she screams. Henry, hearing her, gasps: "It's Elizabeth!" Instantly he dashes to the room, with Victor following a slight distance behind. Soon all the members of the family are swept into his wake as he crashes the full weight of his body against the door, battering it, and it ultimately topples in. The room is deserted, except for Elizabeth, lying near the door probably having fainted.

Henry rushes to her side, taking her in his arms, and he hears her mumbling, terrified in her semi-conscious state: "Don't let it come near! Don't let it come near!"

He soothes her. "It's all right darling."

But that is far from the truth.

Chapter 22
"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE THERE IS DEATH"

Outside there is another scene of tragedy. Hans enters the village and parades grim-faced & hypnotically thru the street, the dripping wet, limp corpse of little Maria draped across his arms. As he silently passes amongst the celebrating villagers with his dread burden, they gradually discontinue their rejoicing.

One of Maria's playmates, a little fair-haired

The Monster is shown attacking Dr. Frankenstein, as the angry crowd stares, horrified.

girl, sorrowfully spies her. "Look—Maria!"

The merriment eventually fades into regret and the song of marriage becomes a mournful dirge. Hans solemnly marches toward the Burgomeister's manor and an angry mob is collected behind him. The fuming mass halts before the chateau and the assembly roars, shouting loudly for retribution. It is necessary for the police to restrain the mob from breaking into the building.

The Burgeomeister, Herr Vogel, perceives the uproar and goes out on the balcony to investigate. He holds up his hands, grunting: "Silence! What is it? What is it?"

Hans cries, "Maria—she has drowned!"

"My poor man!" he sympathizes. "But why do you bring her to me?"

"But . . . she's been *murdered!*"

The throng grumbles in confirmation, alto actually they know nothing at all about it.

"Silence!" The mob is quieted. "I'll see that justice is done! Who is it?"

The crowd bellows furiously.

Elsewhere ,as Henry emerges from the room in which Elizabeth lies in shock, he is confronted by the impatient Victor.

"How is Elizabeth now?" he queries.

"I don't know," mutters Henry sadly. "She's still in a daze. She just looks at me and says nothing." He is apparently greatly disturbed.

"Pull yourself together! She'll be all right."

"Our wedding day!" Henry moans.

Victor reassures him: "The wedding day will only be postponed a day at most."

But Henry is not sure. "A day? I wonder! There can be no wedding while this horrible creation of mine is still alive." He lifts his trembling hands, peering at them abhorrently. "I made him with these hands and with these hands I'll destroy him! I must find him!"

Henry starts to scurry away but Victor stops him. "I'll go with you!" He seems equally enthusiastic about killing the Monster, if only for the sake of Elizabeth's safety.

"No—you stay here! Look after Elizabeth. I leave her in your care—whatever happens. Do you understand? *In your care!*"

Henry races outside, where Vogel is organizing the search party.

"Quiet!" Vogel orders the swarm of villagers. "Ludwig—" One of the villagers steps forward. "—you will search the woods." The aged Burgomeister shakes a wrinkled finger at about a dozen others, saying, "Those are your group." He turns to Henry. "Herr Frakenstein, you will take to the mountains. Those are *your* people." He points to another group. "I will lead the third group, by the lake."

Vogel then faces the entire gathering, issuing final orders: "Remember—get him alive if you can, but *get him!*" The mob roars. "Search every ravine, every crevasse, but the fiend *must* be found!" Again the mob roars. "Are you ready?"

The mass roars its assent.

"Light your torches and go!"

Murmuring loudly, the crowd sets fire to its torches and marches on thru the streets, and the bloodhounds bark noisily as they are led to the hunt. As the venomous mob parades menacingly from the village, a few old women watch from their windows and cringe fearfully. The howling of the bloodhounds echoes to & fro, almost drowning out all other sounds.

As the sun advances ominously toward the horizon and evening approaches menacingly the group divides into the three groups, each going to its respective location.

"Frankenstein—the mountains!" Vogel shouts. "The woods—Ludwig! The lake—on this way!"

The three parties prowl stealthily thru the woods, the mountains & all surrounding areas, remorselessly seeking out the Monster. They are all in determined pursuit of the inhuman fiend who slew an innocent child. Vogels' group loads into several small boats, paddling across the lake to the other side. The dogs howl & bay incessantly. Henry's men amble up the mountain, racing along among towering rocks & craggy peaks.

High above them, in the safety of his mountain lair, the Monster looks down on the group and growls hatefully at them.

Henry halts his followers and shouts: "Come on, boys—keep together! Now, you search there, and the rest, come with me!"

As the group continues the hunt one of the constables is jerked out on a tangent by his bloodhound, who scents the Monsters' trail. The dog dashes away, dragging the constable along.

"Herr Frankenstein!" he calls. "Herr Frankenstein!"

Suddenly he finds himself standing before the Monster . . .

As Henry leads his group onward, the orderliness of the assemblage is nearly eaten away by a fearful scream, and panic almost takes hold. Nevertheless, bound by grim, unbending determination, they manage to stay together and rush to the scream's point of origin. They find the constable, badly-injured and sprawled weakly on the ground.

"Which way did he go?" demands Henry. "Tell me—tell me!"

The man lifts an accusing finger with great difficulty, pointing out the direction of the Monster's flight. "Over there!"

Henry singles out a couple of his men. "You two stay here and take care of him. The rest—follow me! Come on, quick! Come on!"

They make their way cautiously thru the mountain crags, peering into each & every possible hiding place; and various of the villagers, thinking that they have seen a glimpse of the Monster, hurry off toward the supposed fiend. The others rush away after them, leaving Henry stranded as he begins ascending a large boulder. Before long, the distance between him & the villagers become greater, and soon they are practically out of sight.

"Come back!" Henry screams. "This way!"

But they cannot hear him for their own shouts & the bating of the bloodhounds. Eventually, however, they reach the edge of a cliff and realize that their leader has disappeared. Unable to see him anywhere, they call for him without result:

"Herr Frankenstein! Herr Frankenstein! Where are you?"

A villager recognizes a dark form high above and points to it, screaming: "I think he's up there! Follow me, quick!"

Chapter 23
PERILOUS ENCOUNTER

Henry gropes thru the scattered boulders, seeking out his group. He goes to the edge of a rock shelf, calling "Hello!" to those of his cohorts still below. A few feet behind him, the Monster watches with devilish attention from among the rocks. Henry wheels about to leave, but suddenly—

He is confronted by his colossal creation—the Monster! Standing face to face with his fate, he trembles inwardly. He is gripped by terror . . .

The Monster and the child by the lake. Bottom photo shows a scene never seen by the public—when the Monster, thinking the little girl will float (like the flowers), hurls the child to a watery death.

The griefstricken father carries the body of his drowned daughter to the village, as all look on in dismay.

seized by horror . . . clutched by fear . . . and accosted by Death.

"Help!" he shrieks. *"Help!"*

The villagers hear his cry. "Listen! It's Frankenstein! That way!" They dart swiftly in the direction their acting-leader indicates.

Henry ,wielding a burning torch, swings it at the Monster but discovers to his chagrin that he only brushes it aside nonchalantly. The Monster's hand snaps out sharply, seizing Henry by the neck, and he nearly crushes his collar bone.

But instead of strangling him to death, the Monster hurls him to the ground.

With some effort, Henry rises to his feet, backing away slightly. Gaping fearfully, he stumbles past a huge chunk of wood. He glances at it hopefully, then seizes it frantically. He swings it at the Monster as he charges forward, hoping that it will hit its mark, but his opponent fells him quite easily with a single blow. Henry collapses unconscious, a tiny stream of blood flowing from the corner of his mouth.

The Monster advances toward his fallen creator but is distracted by the sound of the onrushing villagers. Knowing that such a mass could easily dispose of him, he gathers Henry under his arm, half dragging him as he flees from the mob. He wishes to take revenge on his creator for the monstrous crime of creating him. The Monster lumbers away, down the mountain.

The villagers arrive upon the scene with their torches & hounds in time to see the Monster depart. One old man sees the fiend and points at him and immediately the mob thunders after him.

Glancing back occasionally in his flight, the Monster makes his way somewhat fearfully thru the countryside, at last coming upon a deserted windmill. He hurriedly darts into the old structure for safety and with Henry still clasped under his arm ascends the ladder to the roof.

Outside, the villagers are trying to batter down the door, unsuccessfully.

The Monster, reaching the roof, drops Henry heavily to the flooring and looks confusedly about at his new surroundings. He gropes to the window nearby, looking down at his hunters. He growls murderously at them.

Henry revives to find himself near the ladder, with the Monster—looking the other direction—dreadfully close by, and he starts to crawl silently toward the ladder, trying not to attract his creations' attention.

But the Monster glances around and spots him. The creature growls and attacks Henry, hurling him across the floor, but Henry manages to stagger to his feet. He runs from the Monster, darting behind the axle which turns the mill's vanes, and the Monster pursues him. It is a grim game of hide-&-seek as he & the Monster peer at each other thru the spokes of the axle, Henry making sure always to keep the axle between himself & the fiend.

Considering death a better fate than slow decapitation at the hands of the Monster, Henry makes a fear-lined bid for his safety, dashing toward the railing. He tries to leap down to the ground far below but the Monster seizes his collar, pulling him up again. He wraps his clawlike hands tightly about Henry's neck, choking him, as the villagers directly below look up with awe & concern.

Soon the gigantic arms of the aver-vengeful Monster begin to ache from the load. He releases Henry, who is hurled down into the blackness of night, but his lethal descent is fortunately de-

flected by one of the rotating mill vanes. He is sprawled upon the vane until it moves around, whereupon he crashes heavily to the earth. The villagers scurry to his prostrate body, while above them the Monster gazes down with wonder.

"Frankenstein! Frankenstein!" they mutter. "Bring him down to the village and let's take him home!"

Chapter 24
FIERY EXECUTIONER

As several of Henry's cohorts bear his body from the mill, the others swiftly set fire to the foundations of the crumbling structure. The flames soon are licking up around it and the Monster, shielding his face with his hands, runs to & fro in mortal panic. Pillars of red-orange fire streak skyward against the ebony night and the flames grow larger & mightier & deadlier.

The heat becomes unbearable.

The Monster shrieks and whirls about madly, pounding on the rail with flattened fists, and he screams curses in a language like nothing ever heard before, unknown to all that be.

The flames cling to the mill and dart hungrily about it and as the Monster races about on the roof, smoking timbers crash down on all sides. The sparking embers of the vanes are blown about his tattered & singed raiment and he lifts his pallid hands to shield his fiery countenance. He beats on the window as geysers of smoke & fire roll swiftly toward him. The Monster roars in agony, his grotesque gurglings & screams echoing endlessly thru the night, and he leaps fearfully aside from the ghastly assassin of flame.

Fire—that which the Monster dreads most of all —has been fatefully appointed as his executioner!

Then, suddenly, the Monster turns to see Death, riding on a juggernaut of flaming wood, bearing down upon him. He screams and is thrust under into the tumbling waves of fire by the fallen beam, which pins him inescapably to the smoking boards. He roars coarsely, in an animal-like voice, and is faced with the burning sparks that sear his face.

The Monster, in the throes of death, shrieks for revenge . . . revenge . . . revenge—!

The sheets of smoke & curtain of embers curl over his throbbing body and the pillars of flame crash down on him in a fahrenheit of heat. Scarlet monoliths!

The crimson-caped mill is silhouetted against the billowing clouds in the darkness, with the Monster but a tiny dying speck in the fiery spectacle.

From dust to ashes.

Death of a monster.

Birth of a legend.....

THE END? *(We know better!)*

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

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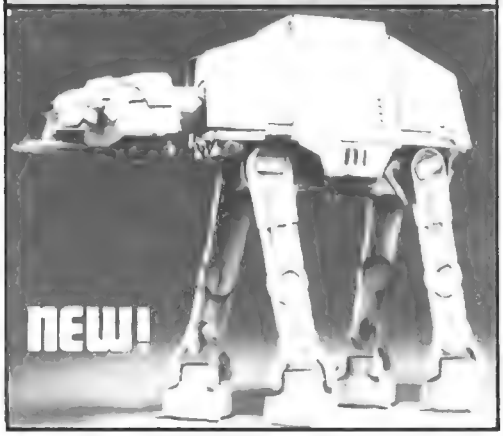

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THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

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GHASTLY HOME MOVIES

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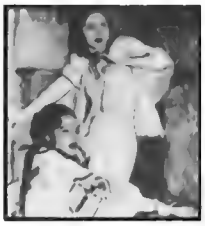

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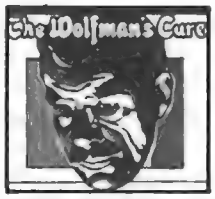

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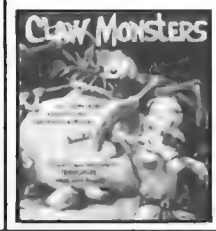
The great Lon Chaney Jr. stars as the murderous mummy. Rising from the crypt, shuffling down dark corridors, its clutching hand reaching for his victim's throat! The mummy lives only to kill-at the bidding of his master, who is desperate for the tana leaf potion. The Mummy's Ghost will haunt you!!! #2269—$10.95

CLAW MONSTERS



A very strangely-warped scientist (isn't that the way most of them appear to be?) creates huge, horrifyingly ugly Claw Monsters! He uses them in an attempt to ward off trespassers nearing his African diamond mine. Do these monsters do their job? Only one way to know for sure...Super 8 only. Black & White. #2290—$10.95

CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB

Be careful of this vicious fiend! This unusual creature is half bone, half bandage...and all blood curdling terror! You must be strong to sit still while watching this terrifying flick! Do you dare buy it? Prove yourself! Choose either Regular 8 in Super Color #22050/$23.95, or in B&W in Super or Regular 8. Mummy's Curse. #22047—$12.95

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTERS

Frankenstein is a many faceted fellow. In this movie an Astro-robot created by an American scientist suffers mechanical damages and becomes Frankenstein-like! He is put to the challenge of the weird Space Monsters! Warning! Beware their stare! Who is the real hero? 200 ft. reel. B&W. Super & Regular 8. #2280—$10.95

BLACK WIDOW

A very beautiful, deadly female spy from an asiatic land uses the latest electronic equipment and devices to destroy people! She also uses her advantages to steal tremendous atomic secrets! A highly interesting movie plot. A picture to start you thinking! Black and White, in Super 8 mm. 200 foot reels only. #2287—$10.95

WAR OF THE WORLDS

An H.G. Wells classic science-fiction thriller. This Black and White movie is a spine tingling tale of the horrifying Martian invasion! No science-fiction fan alive should miss this epic. They are reaching for you from outer space! Order your 200 ft. reel today. Available in Super 8 mm film only. #22015—$10.95

THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS

The great Peter Lorre in the most famous and most frightening of his horror films! Lorre stars as a crazed murderer who is revisited by the severed hand of one of his poor victims! You'll jump out of your chair when you see the murderous, vengeful hand crawling...crawling all on its own! #2230—$10.95

I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

This blood-chilling film will shock you as you've never been shocked before! The body of a boy...the mind of a monster...the soul of an unearthly thing! Carefree teenagers are terrorized by a creature the likes of which has never been seen! Is the tormented soul that cries for mercy just a boy?! #2214—$10.95

MOVIE PROJECTOR! FOR REG. 8 & SUPER 8 MOVIES

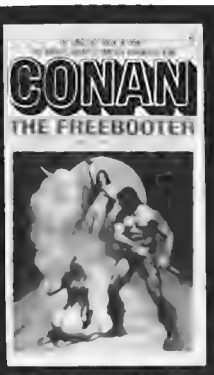
Compare this fine unit with others costing much more, and you will find that this projector is well worth buying! The full size is 9" x 5" x 10" and comes in a rugged metal housing · Blower cooled and handles 200 feet reels. Easy threading! Rapid motor rewind. Vertical tilt device. Manual framer. 200 foot take up reel. 150 Watt lamp. Easy to clean. Have hours of fun with this big, beautiful movie projector! #26010/$49.95

STRETCHY SPIDER WEBS: Now you can use the same incredibly elastic spider web material used by professionals on T.V. and the movies in your own home! It's reusable & the spider is not included! #26276—$4.95

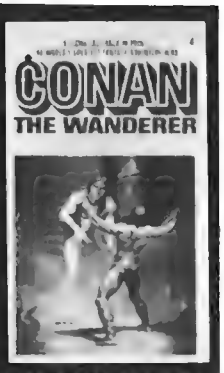
CONAN

THE INCREDIBLE BARBARIAN IS BACK IN PRINT!

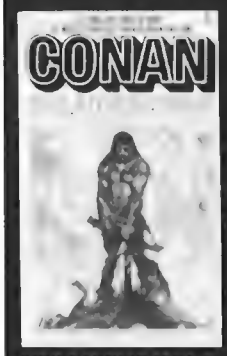
CONAN: 7 of the most fantastic adventures ever created! The first of the unforgettable Conan adventures! #21239—$2.25



FREEBOOTER: 5 bizarre tales and adventures of the most fabulous barbarian of all time! Order today! #21241—$2.25



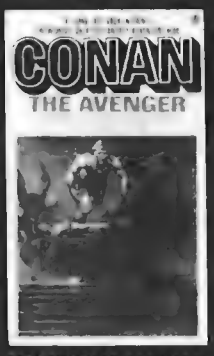
WANDERER: Conan, the mightiest of humanities heroes, confronts a warrior composed of living metal! #21242—$2.25



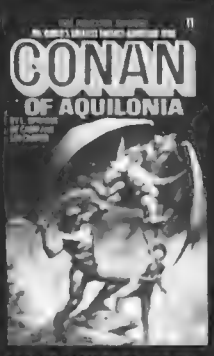
ADVENTURER: Thief, pirate, warrior, mercenary, king & general- this is Conan! The greatest sagas ever! #21243—$2.25

USURPER: The gigantic barbarian fights savagely in 4 adventures! Cover by the fantastic artist, Frank Frazetta! #21246—$2.25

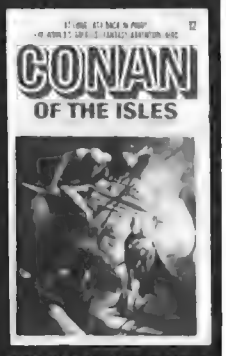
CONQUEROR: His body a prisoner of chains and his mind commanded by Xaltotum! Conan battles to victory!#21247—$2.25



AVENGER: Queen Zenobia is stolen from Conan, the great barbarian king and cannot rest until he saves her!#21248—$2.25

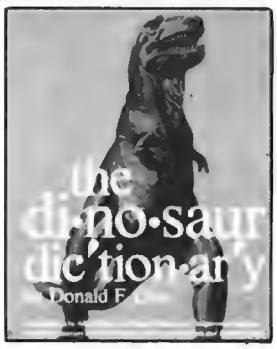


AQUILONIA: Conan is drawn into deadly pursuit when he loses his son to Thon-Amon and the evil wizards! #21249—$2.25

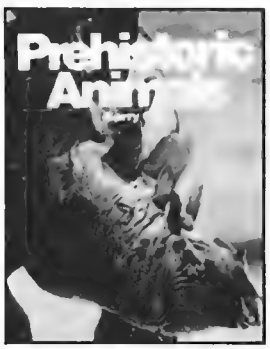


THE ISLES: Conan flees the peace & safety of his kingdom when a sudden catastrophe shatters his origin! #21250—$2.25

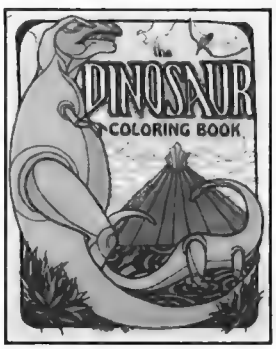
DINOSAURS RUN RAMPANT IN THESE FABULOUS BOOKS



DINOSAUR DICTIONARY: A positive glut of facts, creatures and features in alphabetical order! An invaluable 218 page softcover! #21009—$7.95



PREHISTORIC ANIMALS: An invaluable color guide to the fascinating creatures that roamed the Earth 400 million years ago! 159 pages! #21016—$1.95



DINOSAUR COLORING BOOK: 15 fabulous drawings of the fearsome kings of evolution with tantalizing tidbits of information! All ready to color! #21091—$2.00

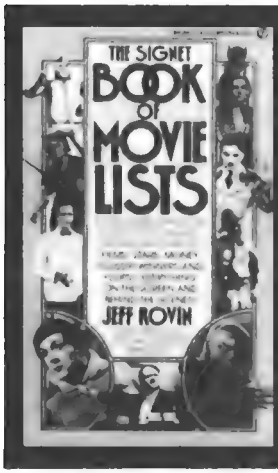
CASUALTY MAKE-UP KIT: Turn yourself into a horrible accident victim with this kit's easy to apply make-up and simple instructions! #26274—$9.95

VAMPIRE MAKE-UP KIT: Recreate the Master of the Undead with this kit's easy to apply professional make-up and simple instructions! #26273—$9.95

To order any of these items, please see last page of this megazine for convenient **RUSH ORDER FORM.**

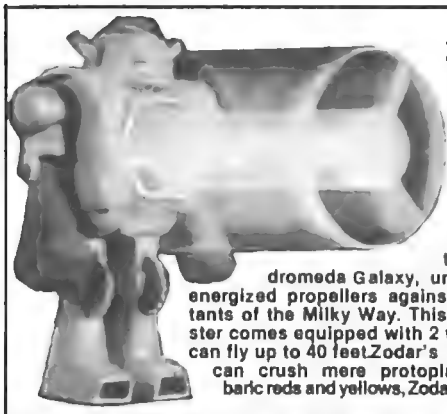
THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK PORTFOLIO OF PAINTINGS

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK PORTFOLIO OF PAINTINGS: An incredible collection of full color Ralph McQuarrie paintings that capture the full power intensity and sweep of the year's best movie! There are 24 beautiful 9¾" x 21" color plates on quality glossy stock! #26271—$8.95



BOOK OF MOVIE LISTS

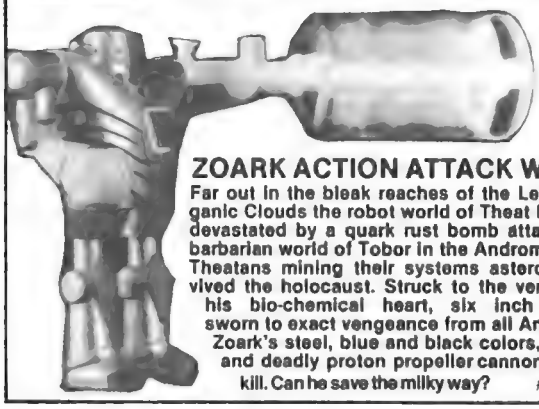
Jeff Rovin's book of lists covers everything in filmdom with fascinating facts about the films that made Hollywood famous, about the stars that set the world on its ear, the money, the inside gossip, and the flops! You need this book if you want to know about everything in front of and behind the screen! #21409—$1.75



ZODAR ACTION ATTACK WARRIOR

Zooming in from the far reaches of outer galactic space, ZODAR, alien from the planet Tobor, on the far side of the Blue Drift in the Andromeda Galaxy, unleashes his neutron energized propellers against the helpless inhabitants of the Milky Way. This six inch horned monster comes equipped with 2 windup propellers that can fly up to 40 feet.Zodar's movable, jointed arms can crush mere protoplasm! Painted in barbaric reds and yellows, Zodar. #26092—$2.50

ACTION ATTACK WARRIORS



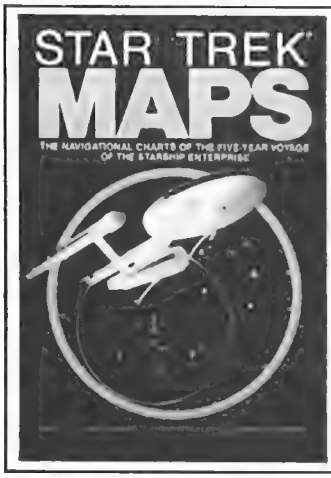
ZOARK ACTION ATTACK WARRIOR

Far out in the bleak reaches of the Lesser Mellanganic Clouds the robot world of Theat Retrak 9 was devastated by a quark rust bomb attack from the barbarian world of Tobor in the Andromeda Galaxy. Theatans mining their systems asteroid belt survived the holocaust. Struck to the very depths of his bio-chemical heart, six inch Zoark has sworn to exact vengeance from all Andromedans. Zoark's steel, blue and black colors, jointed arm and deadly proton propeller cannon are ready to kill. Can he save the milky way? #26093—$2.50

CLASSIC FILM THEMES

Science Fiction, Horror and Fantasy

A long playing stereo record of some of the greatest themes from SF horror and fantasy movies! Included are "This Island Earth," "Creature from the Black Lagoon" and many more! #23001/$7.98



FULL COLOR STAR TREK STAR MAPS PLUS NAVIGATION MANUAL!

STAR TREK MAPS: Four deluxe wall maps of the Federation Space in brilliant color suitable for framing! These gigantic maps pinpoint all the Federation planets, neutral zones and the unknown regions beyond! Not only that, but a 32 page introductory navigation manual from the Technical Publications Section of the Star Fleet Command is also included! Super! #26272—$8.95

NEW!

CAST OF CHARACTERS "CLENS" MAKE-UP REMOVER

"CLENS" MAKE-UP REMOVER: The perfect co-star to our fabulous make-up kit! "Clens" removes all make-up and adhesives from the skin and hair. "Clens" is made of entirely natural ingredients and was specially created by a Hollywood make-up artist and used by major studios for over thirty years! Unless you're planning to be a gruesome monster for the rest of your life, you'll want "Clens" to safely and gently remove all make-up without irritation! #26275—$2.00

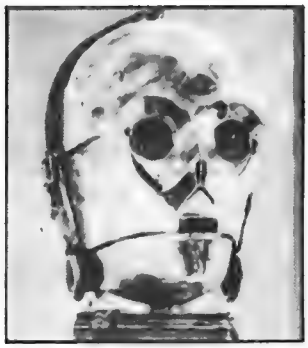
HEADLITE SKULL GLOW KIT

Full-sized skull, with movable, toothy choppers! Eye sockets are anything but dead! Flick a switch and the twin flash beams become sinister, red, pinpoint "eyes!" Flick another switch, its "eyes" flicker with an eerie "strobe" effect! A trigger controls jaws! All this in a terrorific snap together model kit! #24253/$10.95

STAR WARS MAIL ORDER STORE

SPECTACULAR WHOLE HEAD STAR WARS MASKS

C-3PO MASK



C3PO MASK! Soft vinyl full over the head, hand painted, gleaming gold mask of C3PO! #25005/$26.95

YODA MASK

YODA MASK! Now the sage of the Jeddi Knights is a full color, full size mask from Star Wars! #25013/$39.95

CHEWBACCA MASK

CHEWBACCA MASK! Realistic soft latex, over the head fur mask with hand applied fur. #25007/ $49.95

DARTH VADER MASK

DARTH VADER MASK! Shining black, rigid plastic, full-helmet/mask of the evil Jedi! 2 pieces. #25008/ $31.95

SUPER 8 FILMS

The excitement! The drama of STAR WARS can be yours! Now view selected scenes from the year's best movie in your own home. BLACK AND WHITE SUPER 8 SILENT FILM WITH SUB-TITLES #22121/$10.95!

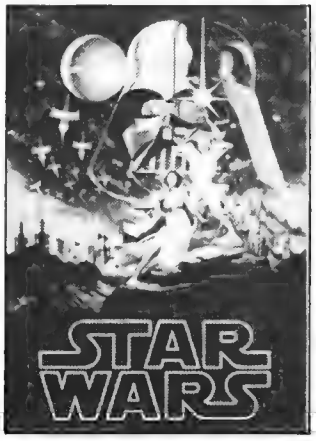
COLOR SILENT SUPER 8
#22123/$24.95
COLOR SUPER 8 FILM WITH SOUND
#22122/$37.95

DOUBLE RECORD

STAR WARS ALBUM Now Warren offers you the most spell-binding music from the movie that does it all. Star Wars' incredible sound track is brought back alive. This two record long playing, stereo album with its pulse-pounding music rockets into orbit permanently. This hottest selling album is guaranteed to go fast! #2387/$12.98

STAR WARS PAPERBACK BOOK

STAR WARS NOVEL by the film's Writer/director George Lucas! Read this exciting book and relive the movie's incredible adventure! This spellbinding 220 page paperback has a special section with 16 pages of thrilling full color scenes from the fantastic movie! #21262/$1.95



STAR WARS FULL COLOR POSTER

THE SWORD POSTER Paste this big 20"x28" poster on the wall for inspiration. A painting by Hildebrandt, it has Luke & Leia rendered in golden hues with a formidable Darth Vader glaring from the sky. C-3PO & R2D2 are there! Full color! #2990/$2.00

FIGHTERS
#2748 BOYS 14/$4.75
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ROBOTS
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#2756 BOYS 10 / $4.75
#2757 BOYS 14 / $4.75
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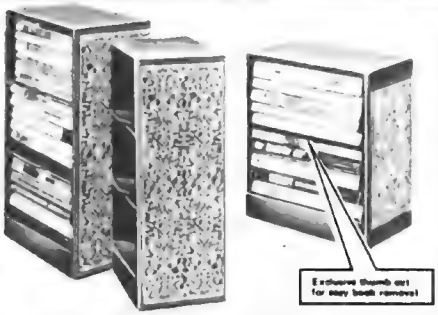
SWORD
#2750 BOYS 10 / $4.75
#2751 BOYS 14 / $4.75

C-3PO & LUKE
#2753A BOYS 8 / $4.75
#2753 BOYS 10 / $4.75
#2754 BOYS 14 / $4.75
#2755 MENS SMALL / $4.95

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

PAPERBACK BOOK CASES!

Your favorite paperback books deserve a good, dirt free, home. keep them in these handsome cases with padded leatherette coverings, embossed in gold leaf. Choice of 4 colors: black, brown, green or red. Tilted back shelves prevent book fall out. Also, gold foil for your name.



STORE 15 BOOKS ATTRACTIVELY!

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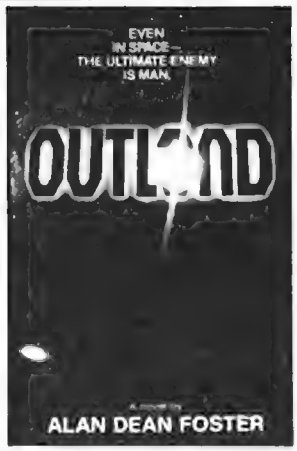
13¼"H, 8"D, 4¾"W
#2680—$8.75 ea.

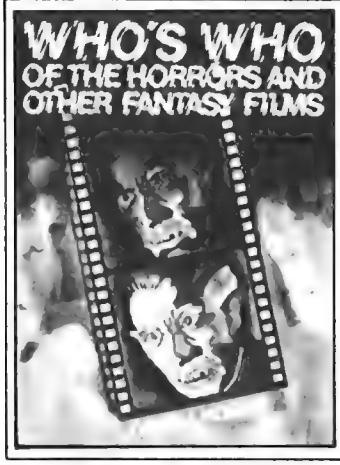
STORES APP. 11 BOOKS
9-¼"H, 8"D, 4-¾"W
#2681—$7.20 ea.



SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURE PAPERBACK! OUTLAND

FROM THE CREATORS OF ALIEN!

Outland, Hell in space! Where the insatiable hungers of Earth are fed, and where men die like flies. Order your copy of this spellbinding novelization of the movie "OUTLAND" from the creators of "Alien." Don't miss this sci-fi smash! #21424—$2.75



WHO'S WHO!

EVERYTHING ON EVERYONE IN ALL YOUR FAVORITE MOVIES!

WHO'S WHO OF THE HORRORS AND OTHER FANTASY FILMS: A lively and readable encyclopedia of the more than 1100 people involved in horror and sci-fi films since the beginning! Over 300 exciting & rare photos make these films come alive! A comprehensive source of the cinema, this 8"x11" hardbound book is a must for filmgoers! #21425—$19.95

THE COMPLETE

BELA LUGOSI

FILM BOOK!

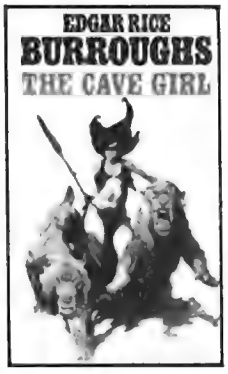
His birthplace mere miles from Transylvania, Bela Lugosi was born to play Dracula! Fans of the great Lugosi won't want to miss this deluxe, lovingly printed, hardbound volume! Complete filmographies of each of Lugosi's 100 films, including the 35 he made before "Dracula", and his 180 stage appearances! Oversized 8½"x11" format, 256 pages, 400 photos, intro by Carol Borlund! #21423—$16.95

EXCITING ADVENTURE PAPERBACKS!

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS CLASSIC NOVELS!

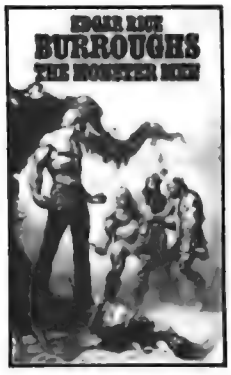
LOST ON VENUS

In the room of the seven doors on mysterious Venus, Carson Napier faced the choice of his life. Six doors led to certain and bloody deaths. The seventh was the door of life. If he chose this door, it would lead him to the strangest & most perilous adventure of all and, possibly, a fate worse than mere death! This is one adventure you won't want to miss! #21109—$1.75



THE CAVE GIRL

Back in Boston U.S.A. he was a dandy named Waldo Smith-Jones. But that was before he found himself on a lost island of primitive men and prehistoric beasts! In his epic struggle to survive, & the to conquer, Waldo earned a new name and the love of the beautiful and mysterious princess of the cave Nadara. This is the story of "The Cave Girl!" #21108—$.95



THE MONSTER MEN

They called him Number Thirteen. He was the last and the most successful of Dr. Von Horn's attempts to create life out of lifeless chemicals. He was not a mishappen, hideous thing like the results of the mad doctor's previous 12 experiments! Number Thirteen was almost human and worthy of the love of a woman! Thrilling adventure! #21031—$1.50

THE PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT

When Tom Billings set out to rescue Bowen Tyler from the lost continent of Caprona, he equipped himself with all the weaponry the modern world afforded. But would rifles and pistols be enough when faced with the deadly unknown? Plus, photos from the spectacular motion picture! #21034—$1.75

THE OAKDALE AFFAIR

The beautiful young daughter of a wealthy family is robbed of her money & jewels. Soon after, she herself completely disappears! A young man fleeing a murderous band of hobos becomes the target of a lynch mob. From a dark cellar in a mysterious shrouded house, comes with ponderous step & dragging chains ... find out what will be next! #21142—$1.95

TANAR OF PELLUCIDAR

Pellucidar, the hollow center of the Earth is a land of savage men and prehistoric monsters! It's the scene of this breath taking novel. Tanar, a young chieftain had been captured by the fear some Korsars. He made his escape, but then found that between him and safety lay the Buried People and the land of the Awful Shadow! #21038—$1.95

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

STAR WARS

NEW!

ACTION FIGURES

The latest and greatest set of action figures from the Empire Strikes Back! All are approximately 3 7/8" high, with fully moveable body parts, incredible detailing & costuming! Construct your own adventures beyond the stars with all of these exciting new action figures!

PRINCESS LEIA Wearing a Bespin gown and comes with black laser pistol! #26221—$3.75

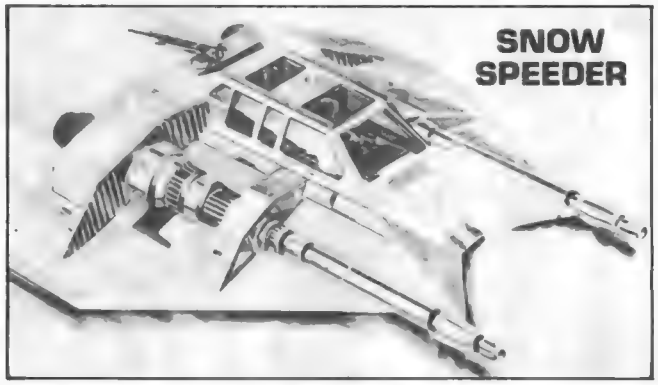
YODA An authentically sculpted figure with robe, belt, snake & gimmer stick! #26265—$3.75

HAN SOLO Dressed in Hoth ice-planet battle gear with a black laser rifle! #26225—$3.75

LANDO CALRISSIAN Leader of Cloud City. He carries a black laser baister! #26227—$3.75

EXCITING NEW MODEL KITS FROM THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK!

The incredibly awesome Star Destroyer, dreaded death dealing dreadnought of the Empire, is a whopping 17" long, molded in color and comes with a display stand! Molded in the minutest detail, you will find all the surface features of the original! Easy to assemble kit! #24255— $12.75



Rebel forces on the planet Hoth take on the evil Empire with these swift battle hardened speedsters! This 8" long replica includes moving laser pods, landing gear, pilot and gunner figures and moving air brakes! This easy to assemble model kit includes a display stand! #24254—$8.75

NEW ADVENTURE SETS FROM THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK!

HOTH ICE-PLANET ADVENTURE SET Rebel soldiers attempt to defend their planet with radar laser cannon! But the Imperial Stormtroopers march over the molded snow peaks with all Terrain Armored Transport "walkers!" The set also includes ice-levers for mock action battles, plus manually operated elevator. Easily assembled. #26232—$13.95

IMPERIAL ATTACK BASE Imperial forces in ice-carved trenches battle rebels with a realistic sounding laser machine gun. Hand operated ice levers create action by collapsing ice bridge, exploding a mine and blowing up the command post. Assembly required. The action figures are sold separately. #26233—$15.95

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

HAN SOLO AT STAR'S END
Solo's epic adventure fighting imperial authority on Orron III! #21396—$2.25

HAN SOLO'S REVENGE
Han is framed as a slave-trader and the punishment is death! #21410—$2.25

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK AND OTHER STAR WARS PAPERBACK NOVELS!

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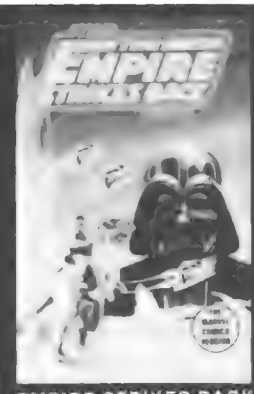
Don Glut's brilliant novelization of the action packed movie! #21412—$2.25



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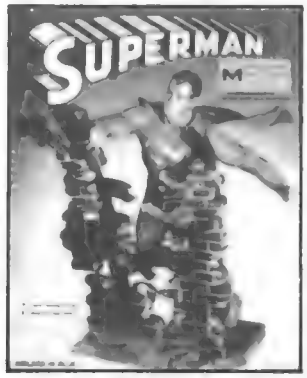

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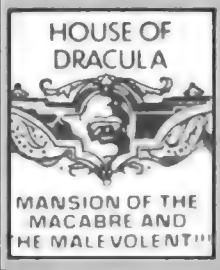
HOUSE of DRACULA



In this brilliant shocker the legendary Count Dracula is portrayed, with sinister bravado, by the great character actor John Carradine. As if he wasn't enough, included in the guest list: Frankenstein's monster & the Wolfman, played by Lon Chaney, Jr. The three clash in one of film's most exciting battles! View this in B&W. Super 8 only. #22084—$10.95

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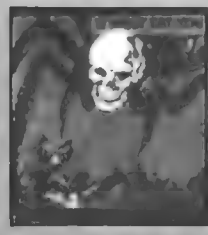

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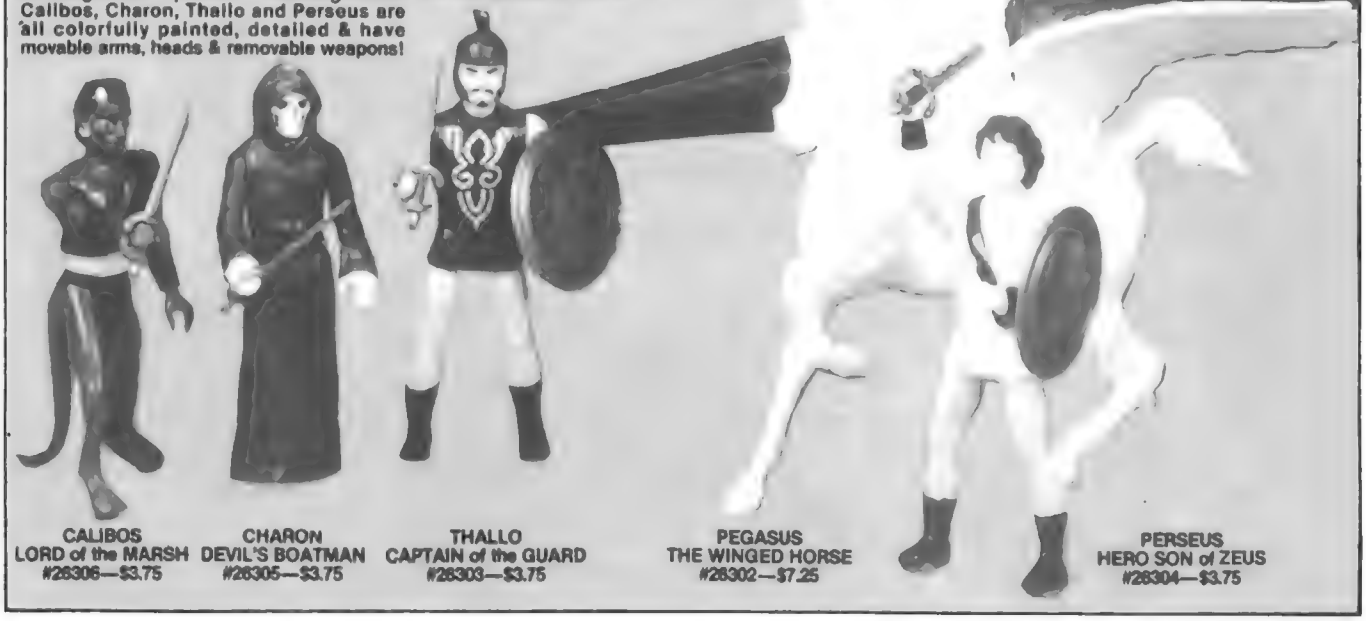

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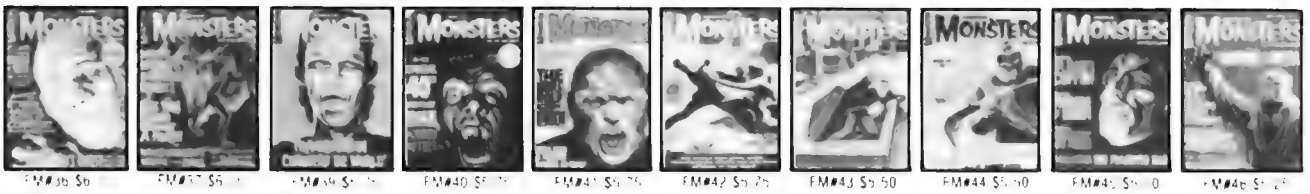

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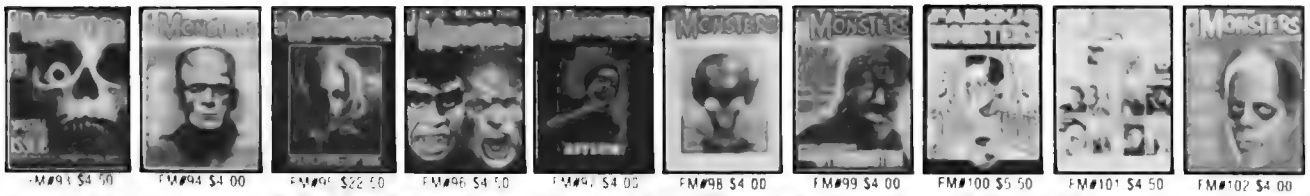

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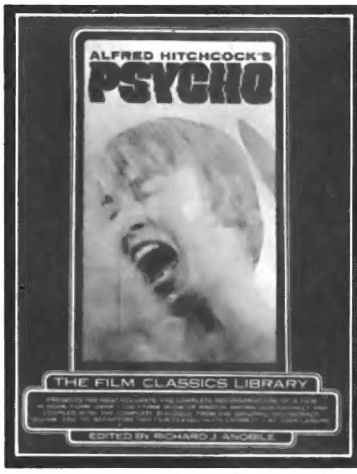

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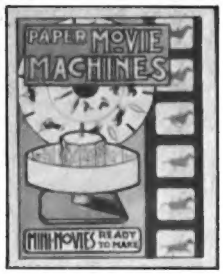

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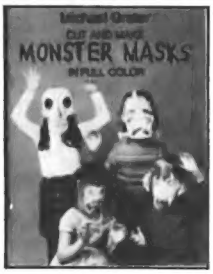

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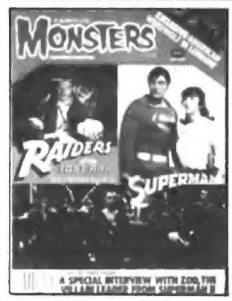

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